

SUPERBOY

MAY

No. 128

**Ten
Cents**



Adventure COMICS

A 32 PAGE MAGAZINE

AN EXCLUSIVE
ADVENTURE OF
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS
A BOY!

or *How
Clark Kent
Met
Lois Lane!*



SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE YOUNG GIRL SHAKING HANDS WITH YOUNG CLARK KENT! RECOGNIZE HER? IT'S LOIS LANE! THE SAME LOIS WHO KEEPS SUPERMAN BUSY RESCUING HER! BUT THIS IS LOIS AS A YOUNG GIRL... AND YOUNG CLARK HAS TO GO THROUGH A ROUTINE HE WILL REPEAT AS A MAN! HERE, AT LAST, IS THE STORY OF HOW THE CLARK KENT-LOIS LANE-SUPERMAN TRIANGLE BEGAN. READ ALL ABOUT IT IN -

"How Clark Kent Met Lois Lane!"



FOR SOME TIME NOW, YOUNG CLARK KENT HAS BEEN A CRACK REPORTER ON HIS SCHOOL NEWSPAPER...

"...AND TOM OBERS TOOK FIRST PLACE WITH A PERFECT JACK-KNIFE DIVE..."

THEN ONE DAY COMES HIS REWARD IN THE FORM OF A LETTER FROM THE NEARBY CITY OF METROPOLIS...

DAILY PLANET
METROPOLIS

Clark Kent
777 Main St.

Congratulations!
You are one of the two winners of our annual contest to honor the best school newspaper reporters. Your prize is a free trip to Metropolis, where you will be allowed to work as a cub reporter for one week on Metropolis' greatest newspaper—
THE DAILY PLANET

AND HERE SHE IS! MEET LOIS LANE!

SO IT IS THAT THE SMALL-TOWN BOY ARRIVES IN THE BIG CITY...

WELCOME TO METROPOLIS, MY BOY! I'M EDITOR MORTON! FIRST, I WANT YOU TO MEET THE OTHER WINNER...

YES, HERE IS A HISTORIC MOMENT...THE FIRST MEETING OF LOIS AND CLARK... A MEETING THAT WILL BE REPEATED SOME DAY WHEN SUPERBOY GROWS UP TO BE SUPERMAN!

GOLLY! SHE'S SO PRETTY!

GOLLY! HE'S SO UNEXCITING!

I HEAR YOU LIVE IN THE SAME TOWN SUPERBOY DOES! DO YOU KNOW HIM... PERSONALLY? WOULD YOU INTRODUCE ME TO HIM? HE'S WONDERFUL!

HUH! ALL SHE TALKS ABOUT IS SUPERBOY... AND NOT ONE WORD ABOUT ME!

BETTER GET USED TO THAT, CLARK! IT WILL BE JUST THE SAME WHEN YOU BECOME SUPERMAN!



MEANWHILE, QUICK-THINKING LOIS HOLDS A MOIST HAND-KERCHIEF BEFORE HER NOSE TO FILTER OUT THE GAS, THUS REMAINING CONSCIOUS...

AND AS LOIS LEAVES, CLARK 'RECOVERS'!

OH-HH ...
SO
SLE-E-E-PY...

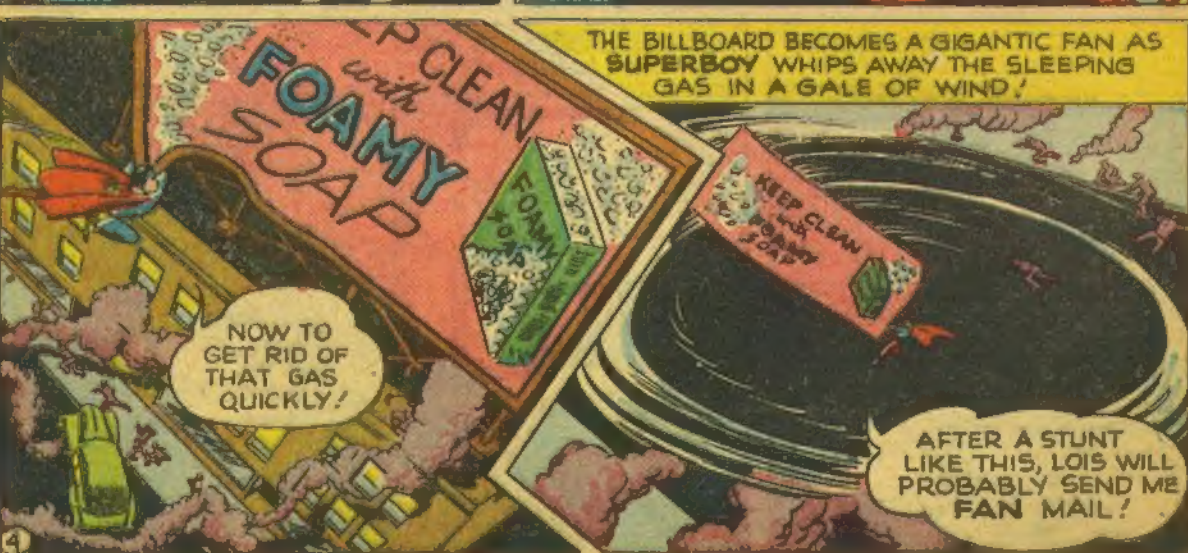
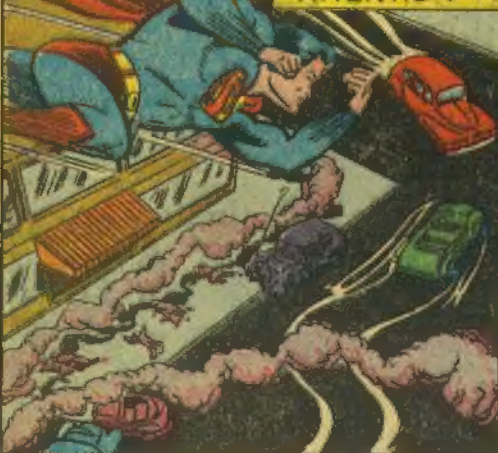
OH-OH! CLARK'S
FALLING! BUT I
GUESS HE'LL BE
OKAY IF I LEAVE HIM
HERE WHILE I COVER
THIS STORY! AFTER
ALL, I'M A
REPORTER!

GOOD! I KNEW IF I PRETENDED
TO BE GASSED, LOIS WOULD
GO AFTER THE STORY! NOW...
SUPERBOY
WILL STOP
THOSE
BANDITS!



BUT CAREENING CARS, WITH SLEEPING DRIVERS
SLUMPED OVER THE WHEELS, CLAIM **SUPERBOY'S**
ATTENTION FIRST!

KEEP YOUR
DISTANCE!

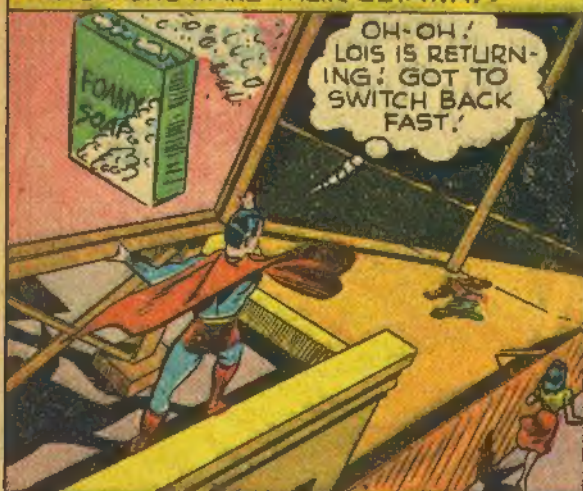


THE BILLBOARD BECOMES A GIGANTIC FAN AS
SUPERBOY WHIPS AWAY THE SLEEPING
GAS IN A GALE OF WIND!

NOW TO
GET RID OF
THAT GAS
QUICKLY!

AFTER A STUNT
LIKE THIS, LOIS WILL
PROBABLY SEND ME
FAN MAIL!

WHILE SUPERBOY RESTORES THE BILLBOARD, THE BANDITS MAKE THEIR GETAWAY!



BUT LOIS HAS ALREADY REACHED THE ALLEY, AND...



I... I'M USING IT AS A FAN TO BLOW THE GAS AWAY FROM YOU!

HMMPH! THANKS... BUT SUPERBOY BEAT YOU TO IT... AND YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE FAN HE USED!



I WAS CONSCIOUS ALL THE TIME AND HAVE I GOT A SCOOP! TOO BAD YOU WERE SLEEPING AND DIDN'T SEE IT!



BACK AT THE DAILY PLANET...

IT LOOKS LIKE LOIS IS GOING TO GET THAT ICE CREAM. CLARK! SHE CERTAINLY SCOOPED YOU!

AW... THE DAY ISN'T OVER YET!

SILLY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET A MORE EXCITING STORY THAN ONE ABOUT SUPERBOY?



FINE THING! LOIS GETS A SCOOP AND I DON'T... AND ALL BECAUSE I CAN'T REVEAL MY SUPER-IDENTITY! HOW LONG CAN I KEEP THIS UP?



FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, CLARK! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ONLY A BOY NOW! IT WILL GET WORSE WHEN YOU'RE A MAN!

LATER... LOIS GOES ON AN INSPECTION TOUR OF THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES...

YEP... THIS IS THE NEWSPAPER "MORQUE"! HERE'S WHERE WE FILE OLD STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS! TAKE A LOOK...

MORQUE

BY SHEER CHANCE, LOIS READS THIS WEEK-OLD CLIPPING!

ROAD BUILDER DIES

TITUS KORY DIED TODAY, DISINHERITING HIS NEPHEW AND LEAVING HIS MILLIONS TO CHARITY. HIS WILL STATED, "TO MY NEPHEW, PAUL, I LEAVE 3 PIECES OF ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT, WITH THE HOPE THAT HE REFORMS AND USES THEM TO START AN ENGINEERING CAREER." PAUL KORY WAS RECENTLY RELEASED FROM PRISON AFTER SERVING A TERM FOR BURGLARY.

HMM-MM! I'VE GOT A HUNCH...

LATER... AT THE TITUS KORY LOT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

PAUL KORY WAS A BURGLAR ... MAYBE HE'S STILL AT IT! THERE'S THE WATER TRUCK ... AND IT'S LIKE THE ONE USED IN THE GAS ROBBERY. I'LL LISTEN AT THE DOOR OF THAT SHED!

PAUL, IT AIN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOUR UNCLE WANTED... BUT YOU'RE A SUCCESSFUL ENGINEER. HAW!

YES, INDEED! MY UNCLE'S EQUIPMENT IS PERFECT—FOR ENGINEERING CRIME!

AHHH! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE SNEAK ACROSS THE GROUNDS TO OUR DOOR!



I'M A REPORTER. Y-YOU'D BETTER LET ME GO! THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

AREN'T YOU AFRAID I'LL DISPROVE IT... NOW? HA, HA!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE KID?

QUIET! I'M THINKING...WE'LL BREAK THE BANK WALL TODAY WITH THE CRANE-AND-BALL. AND WE'LL USE THE STEAM SHOVEL ON THE ACME WAREHOUSE!



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE KID?

KILL HER, OF COURSE - WHILE THE BOYS AND I ARE GONE! I WOULDN'T WANT TO WATCH HER DIE! SHE'S SO YOUNG.



MEANWHILE... CLARK IS INQUIRING ABOUT LOIS...

LOIS? SHE READ SOME ARTICLE AND BEAT IT OUT OF HERE! SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SCOOP!

I'LL HAVE TO FIND THAT ARTICLE - FAST!



"ROAD BUILDER DIES! OH-OH! THIS IS THE ONE!"



AND AT THAT MOMENT, LOIS FACES SMASHING DEATH!

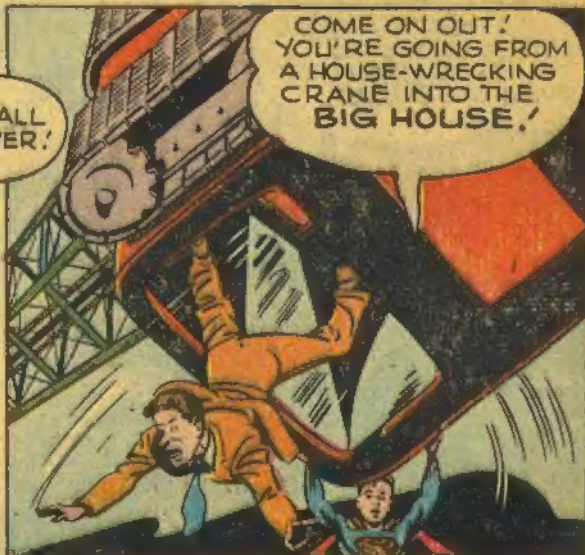
I ALWAYS DID WANT TO DO A FANCY KILLIN'! SORRY, KID... NOTHIN' PERSONAL... BUT I'M JUST ARTISTIC!

SUDDENLY—RESCUE FROM THE SKY, AS THE BOY OF STEEL SHATTERS THE 4,000 POUND IRON BALL INTO SCRAP METAL!



THE BALL IS OVER!

COME ON OUT! YOU'RE GOING FROM A HOUSE-WRECKING CRANE INTO THE BIG HOUSE!



WAIT! I'M GOING ALONG WITH YOU! YOU CAN CARRY ME... IN YOUR ARMS! (SIGH)

B-BUT YOU CAN'T! I WON'T DO IT!



YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF NERVE! ANY OTHER GIRL WOULD HAVE FAINTED!

THANKS! LISTEN... KORY'S GONE TO THE ACME WAREHOUSE! YOU'D BETTER HURRY!



BUT EVEN A SUPERBOY KNOWS IT'S USELESS TO ARGUE WITH A GIRL!



(SIGH)

AT THE WAREHOUSE, THE BOOK-KEEPER IS COUNTING THE RECEIPTS WHEN...

HOLD IT! THIS SCOOP MAKES A PERFECT SHIELD AGAINST YOUR BULLETS!

QUICKLY GATHERING UP THE LOOT, KORY SIGNALS TO THE ENGINEER IN THE CAB WHO LIFTS THE SCOOP OUT INTO THE OPEN...

UP.. UP.. AND AWAY!

THAT'S MY THEME!

WISE BRAT, HUH? THIS SCOOP WILL KNOCK YOU RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR SHOELACES!

THIS IS ONE SCOOP THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME!

WITH HIS BARE HANDS, SUPERBOY TWISTS THE CRANE'S STEEL GIRDERS... FORMING A MAKESHIFT JAIL-CELL!

THERE, KORY... LET'S SEE YOU ENGINEER AN ESCAPE!

SUPERBOY! WAIT FOR ME!

SHE'S AFTER ME AGAIN! I WISH SHE WAS AS EAGER FOR CLARK KENT!

LAITER... LOIS DELIVERS HER STORY...

WHAT A SCOOP! CLARK, WHY CAN'T YOU GET STORIES LIKE THIS?

SO... CLARK PAYS OFF HIS DEBT!

HOW MANY SCOOPS?

TWO!

SCOOPED AGAIN!

A WEEK PASSES QUICKLY... AND SUDDENLY IT'S TIME FOR PARTING...

'BYE! GIVE MY REGARDS TO SUPERBOY WHEN YOU SEE HIM!

SHE'S GOING! I WONDER IF I'LL EVER SEE HER AGAIN? I WONDER IF WE'LL MEET SOME DAY... WHEN I'M SUPERMAN?!?

THE END

TELLS TIME
BY THE SUN

CASE AND STEM
GOLDEN COLOR

PLASTIC DIAL
GLOWS AT NIGHT

METAL MIRROR
FOR SIGNALING

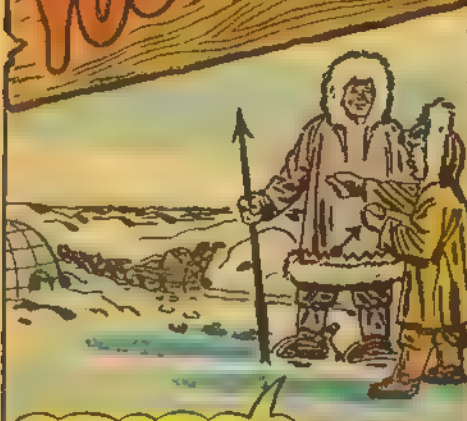
MAGNETIC
COMPASS

ACTUAL SIZE
ILLUSTRATED



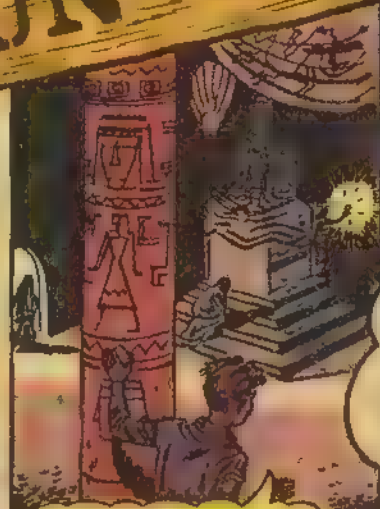
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(PLEASE PRINT)

THE CASE OF THE
KILLER CAT!

JACQUELINE HANFORD'S

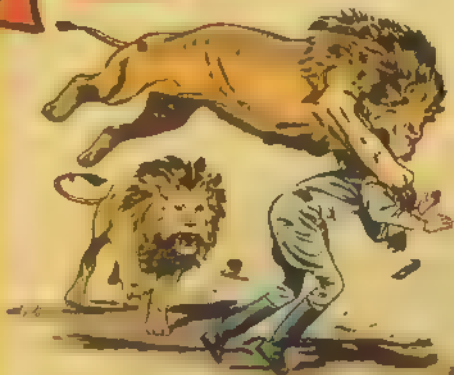
Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)
Station. See read a listing in your local newspaper!

AND NOW WATCH "ORLO THE GREAT"
DEFY THE KING OF BEASTS SEE
HIM DELIBERATELY TURN HIS
BACK WHILE HE CASUALLY
GROOMS HIS HAIR.

MUMM! I THOUGHT THIS
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
BOTTLE WAS ALMOST
EMPTY THIS
MORNING!

WITH HIS
BACK TO
THE LIONS..
ORLO FAILS
TO SEE
THEM
BECOMING
UNEASY
...THEN...



LATER THE POLICE SAY ORLO'S DEATH WAS
ACCIDENTAL BUT MRS ORLO HAS CALLED
SAM SPADE TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER

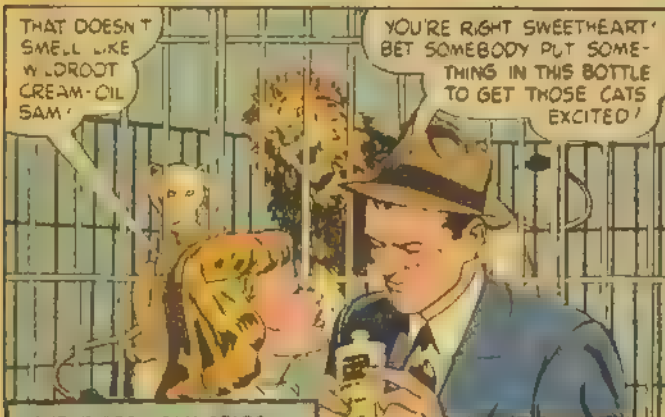
WHAT WAS THIS BOTTLE
OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
DOING IN THE CAGE,
MRS ORLO?

IT WAS PART OF ORLO'S
ACT, MR. SPADE, BUT
WAIT--THIS BOTTLE'S
ALMOST FULL! IT WAS
ALMOST EMPTY THIS
MORNING!



THAT DOESN'T
SMELL LIKE
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
SAM!

YOU'RE RIGHT SWEETHEART!
BET SOMEBODY PUT SOME-
THING IN THIS BOTTLE
TO GET THOSE CATS
EXCITED!



I KNOW WHAT'S IN THIS BOTTLE--CATNIP!
ONE GOOD WHIFF WILL PUT A LION IN A
FRENZY. THOSE CATS
ATTACKED ORLO TO
GET THIS BOTTLE



SAM, THAT MAN IS
TRYING TO OPEN THAT
CAGE BEHIND YOU

TAKE IT FROM SAM SPADE--
IF YOU WANT TO REALLY
LOOK YOUR BEST USE WILD-
ROOT CREAM-OIL ON YOUR
HAIR. IT GIVES YOUR HAIR
THAT HEALTHY WELL GROOMED
LOOK. GET IT TODAY IN
BOTTLES AND HANDY NEW
TUBES



OH NO
YOU DON'T!

WHY, IT'S THE
LION TAMER
THAT HAD THE
ACT BEFORE
THEY HIRED
ORLO

PROBABLY FIGURED HE'D GET HIS
OLD JOB BACK BY GETTING LEO
TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND. CALL
THE POLICE, EFFIE--THEY'LL GET
A CONFESSION OUT OF HIM!





THE GREEN ARROW



MR. TITUS J. FLAGSMITH WAS A HARMLESS FLAG-MAKER—UNTIL A FATAL DAY ARRIVED! THEN STRANGE CRIMES BEGAN UNFOLDING—CRIMES WHICH PUZZLED EVEN THOSE TWO BATTING BOWMEN, THE GREEN ARROW AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND SPEEDY! TODAY, THESE CRIMES ARE RECORDED IN POLICE ANNALS AS THE VILLAINIES LAUNCHED BY—

"THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FLAGS!"

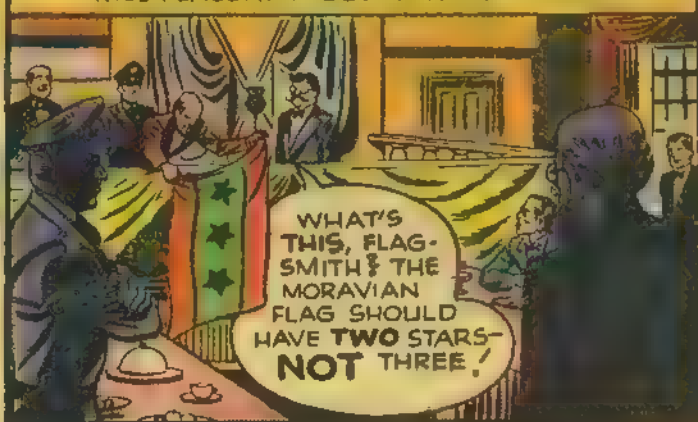
Ken Papp

TITUS FLAGSMITH NEVER BOTHERS THE WORLD. HE MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS, WHICH IS THE TASK OF MAKING BEAUTIFUL FLAGS...

WORK, WORK, WORK! BUT HOW I LOVE MY ART! AH, I MUST FINISH THIS MORAVIAN FLAG FOR THE AMBASSADOR.



NEXT DAY, AT THE OFFICIAL PRESENTATION - TITUS FLAGSMITH GETS A RUDE AWAKENING!



FOOL! YOU'VE INSULTED A NATION! YOUR FLAGS ARE RIDICULOUS! I'LL SEE THAT YOU NEVER MAKE ANOTHER!

NO! DON'T MOCK MY ART - DON'T!

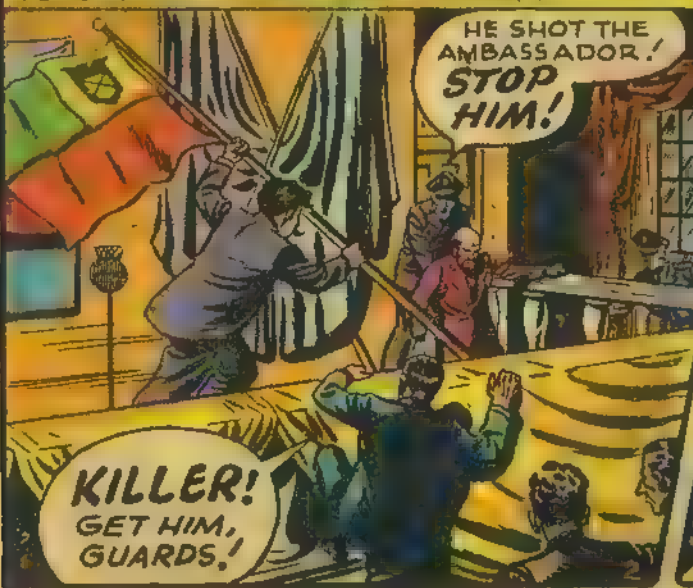


FOR THE FIRST TIME, FLAGSMITH KNOWS HATE! HIS HAND REACHES FOR A GUARD'S GUN, AND THEN...

INSULT MY PRECIOUS FLAGS, WILL YOU? DIE! DIE!



THE GREAT HALL IS FLUNG INTO TURMOIL AS THE FLAGMAKER LEAPS INTO ACTION...



THE DARING
FIGURE LEAPS
ATOP A
PASSING
VAN.

HE DESERVED TO DIE!
HE INSULTED ME —
THE GREATEST
FLAG-MAKER
ALIVE! HA, HA!
THIS TRUCK
COMES IN
HANDY!

MOMENTS
LATER...

THEY'LL BE LOOKING
FOR THE TRUCK, NO
DOUBT!
SO HERE'S
WHERE I
GET OFF!

NOT A MOMENT
TOO SOON...
THERE GOES
THE
LAW!

WEEKS PASS, AND
TITUS FLAGSMITH
HAS BECOME THE
FLAG! IN A
SECLUDED HIDE-
OUT HE
ADDRESSES
HIS MEN...

AS YOU SEE, THERE ARE FLAGS USED
FOR EVERY PURPOSE! I'VE TAUGHT
YOU ALL I KNOW... WHAT COLORS
STAND FOR
AND HOW TO SIGNAL!

WHEEEEEEE

POLICE

BUT WHILE THE FLAG PLOTS EVIL DOINGS, LET'S
TURN TO GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY...

PETE, HERE,
HAS A STRIPED
WARNING FLAG... TO WAVE
WHEN COPS ARE COMING.
EACH OF YOU HAS
A SIMILAR SIGNAL!
NOW WE'LL MAKE
FLAGS PAY OFF.

THEM SIGNALS
WORK, TOO, BOSS!
WE BEEN
PRACTICIN'.

PUBLIC
SCHOOL
ARCHERY
CONTEST
WITH
GREEN
ARROW
SPEEDY
AS SPECIAL
ATTRCTIONS

YOU KIDS SHOULDN'T
TRY THIS DANGEROUS
TRICK— BUT THE
BOOMERANG
ARROW IS ONE OF
OUR SPECIALTIES!
WATCH HOW
IT'S DONE!

AN AMAZING FEAT INDEED! THE STRANGE
ARROW SPEEDS TO ITS MARK. THEN...

WHAT A
SHOT!

SEE?
THE TRICK
IS TO GET
THE ARROW
BACK
AGAIN!

SHOW US
ANOTHER
TRICK,
G. A.!

ALL RIGHT! WE
CALL THIS ONE THE
BOLO ARROW! WATCH
HOW WE CATCH
CROOKS
WITH
IT!

SEE? HE
WOULD BE ALL
WRAPPED UP
AND READY
FOR THE
POLICE!

WOW!
'MAGINE
DOIN' THAT
WITH A BOW
AN' ARROW!

SUDDENLY...
G. A.!
LISTEN!

WHREEEE

POLICE
SIRENS!

WHEEEE

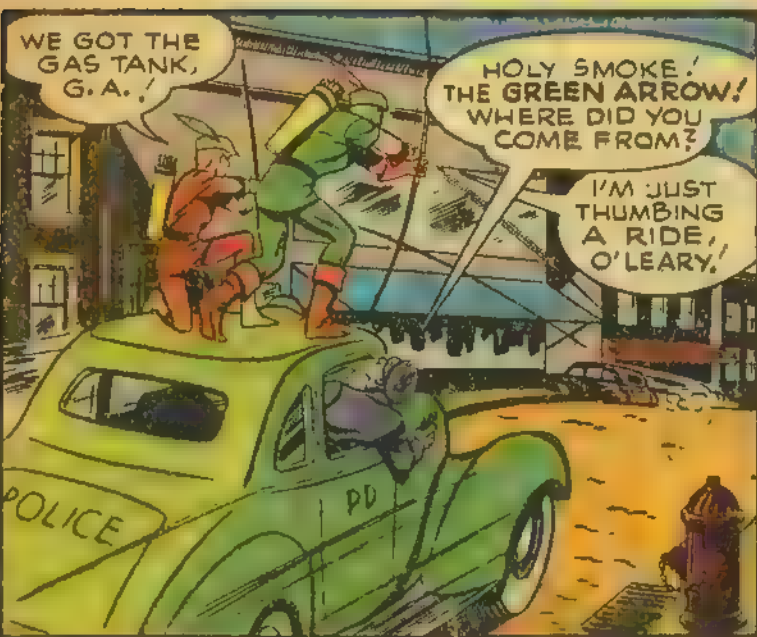
SEE YOU
TOMORROW,
KIDS! AT
THE FINAL
CONTEST.

SO LONG,
G. A.!

MADE IT!
SGT. O'LEARY
WOULD BE
SURPRISED
IF HE KNEW
HE HAD A
COUPLE OF
HITCH-
HIKERS!

HOPE
THOSE
SHOTS
DON'T TAG
US!

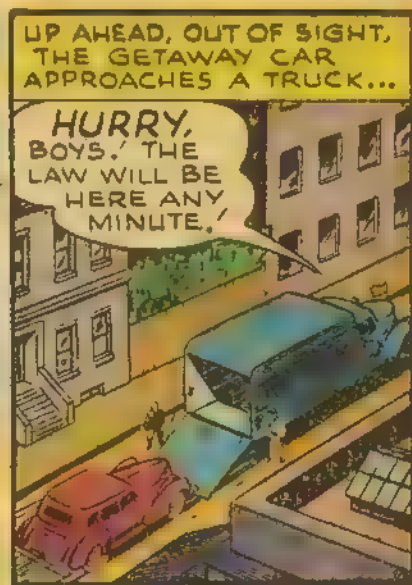
BAM!
POLI



WE GOT THE GAS TANK, G.A.!

HOLY SMOKE! THE GREEN ARROW! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I'M JUST THUMBING A RIDE, O'LEARY.

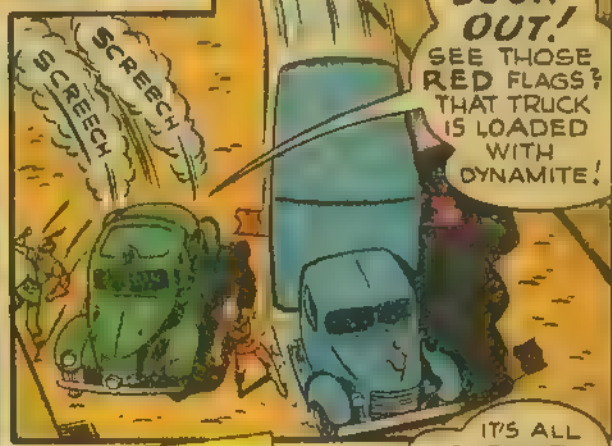


UP AHEAD, OUT OF SIGHT, THE GETAWAY CAR APPROACHES A TRUCK...

HURRY, BOYS! THE LAW WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

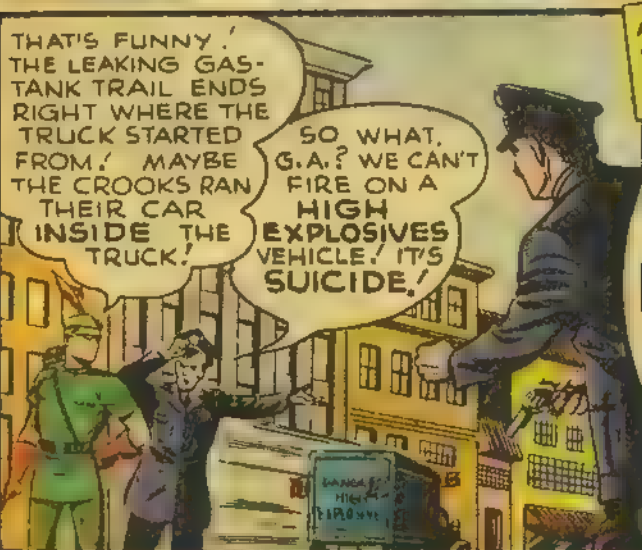


MAKE IT SNAPPY, PETE! THERE, THAT DOES IT! THE CAR'S OUTA SIGHT!



SCREECH SCREECH SCREECH

LOOK OUT! SEE THOSE RED FLAGS? THAT TRUCK IS LOADED WITH DYNAMITE!



THAT'S FUNNY! THE LEAKING GAS-TANK TRAIL ENDS RIGHT WHERE THE TRUCK STARTED FROM! MAYBE THE CROOKS RAN THEIR CAR INSIDE THE TRUCK!

SO WHAT, G.A.? WE CAN'T FIRE ON A HIGH EXPLOSIVES VEHICLE! IT'S SUICIDE!

AND UP AHEAD-GUESS WHO'S DRIVING THE TRUCK...

GEE, FLAG! IT TOOK A LOT OF NOIVE TO PULL DAT STUNT!

IT'S ALL DONE WITH FLAGS, GIMPY! BUT WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT WE DO NEXT! HA, HA! I'LL HAVE THEM SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS!



AND SO BEGIN THE SPECTACULAR
CRIMES BY FLAGS! OUT AT SEA
WE FIND...

ALL HANDS ON DECK!
SANDBAR ON
THE PROW!

CR-RASH!

ELSEWHERE, LATER...

MEN
WORKING

THE
COAST IS CLEAR!
LET 'ER BLOW!

LATER, OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER
SEE THE STARTLING NEWS...

A MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL
USING FLAGS AS A PAWN,
HAS TURNED LOOSE A
CRIME WAVE ON THE
CITY AND...

SUN
BROOKS BLOW
BANK VAULT!
ENTER THROUGH
TUNNEL

THEN... SIMPLE, EH? BY MOVING THE
GREEN SAFETY FLAG OVER,
THE FREIGHTER WAS LURED ONTO
A SANDBAR! OKAY...
BOARD HER AND
GET THE
BULLION!

AND IF THOSE ABOVE COULD SEE WHAT
GOES ON BELOW, THEY WOULD FIND...

WE'VE BLOWN
THE
VAULTS,
FLAG!

NOW GET THE
MONEY! HA, HA!
SHOWS WHAT YOU
CAN DO WITH A
SIMPLE "MEN
WORKING" FLAG!

BANK

VAULT

TUNNEL

MANHOLE

SEWER

YOU THINK IT'S THE
SAME CROOK WHO
USED THE DYNAMITE
TRUCK FOR A
GETAWAY?

I'M SURE! AND IT'S
BEGINNING TO SOUND
LIKE FLAGSMITH!
BUT I'VE GOT
A TRICK THAT
MIGHT STOP
HIM! LET'S
GO!

WHILE
AT THE
FLAG'S
WIDEOUT...

GEE, BOSS, DIS
FLAG BUSINESS
IS SURE PAYIN'
OFF!

AH! YOU'VE SEEN ONLY
SMALL CHANGE SO FAR!
BUT WATCH WHAT COMES
NEXT! SEE
THIS TOY
BLIMP?

THE PAPERS
REPORT A COAST-TO-
COAST BLIMP THAT IS
FLYING A RICH CARGO.
WELL, WATCH CLOSELY
WHILE I SHOW YOU
HOW WE'LL GET THAT
CARGO - BY MEANS
OF A FLAG!

DIS I
GOTTA
SEE.

AFTERWARDS, AT A LONELY AIR STATION...

LOOK, CAP'N JONES. THE
FLAGS SIGNAL A NORTH-
WEST STORM. SHALL
WE MOOR HER?

WE'LL HAVE TO!
WE CAN'T TAKE
A CHANCE ON A
STORM!

INSIDE THE CONTROL TOWER...

HA, HA, 'OUR PHONEY STORM
FLAG WORKED. THE BLIMP'S
COMING IN. WE'VE
TRICKED THEM.

NICE
GOIN',
BOSS!
AN' DEY DON'T
EXPECT NOTHIN'!

BUT WHAT'S THIS? TWO ARROW-
ARMED FIGURES SUDDENLY
LEAP FROM THE BLIMP...

BOSS!
IT'S DEM
ARROW
GUYS!

SHOOT
THEM,
YOU
FOOLS!

THAT STORY ABOUT THE
"RICH CARGO" ON THE
BLIMP WAS JUST A PLANT,
BOYS - LIKE THIS!
AND THE TRAP
WORKED.

BUT YOU'LL
NEVER GET
ME, GREEN
ARROW!

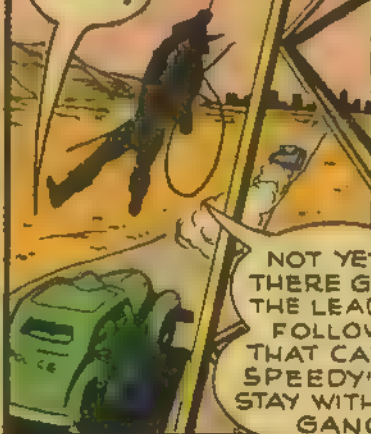
THE FLAG DROPS TO A WAITING CAR...

GET GOING, BOYS. I'M FLAGGING A RIDE.
DON'T WORRY, BOSS. WE GOT THE GETAWAY, ALL PLANNED. YOUR NEXT TRICK IS A CORKER!



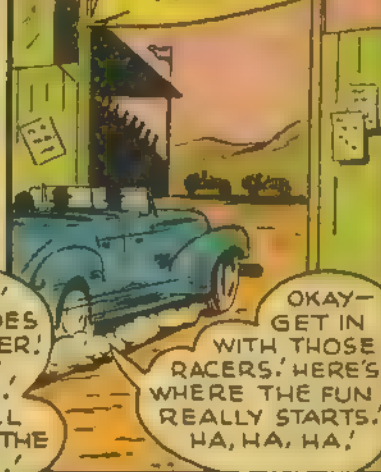
AT THAT MOMENT A SQUAD CAR ARRIVES. THEN...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE TOO LATE, G.A.



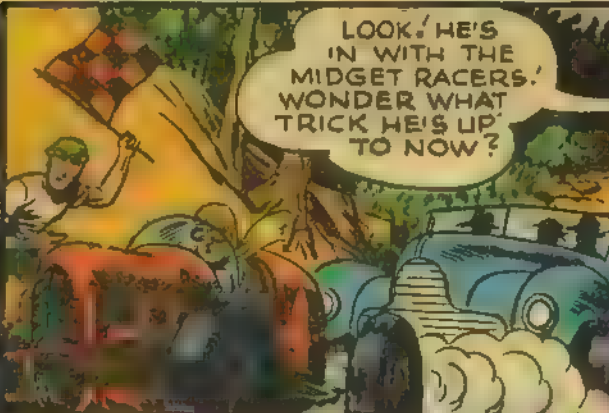
NOT YET! THERE GOES THE LEADER! FOLLOW THAT CAR! SPEEDY'LL STAY WITH THE GANG!

MIDGET AUTO CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

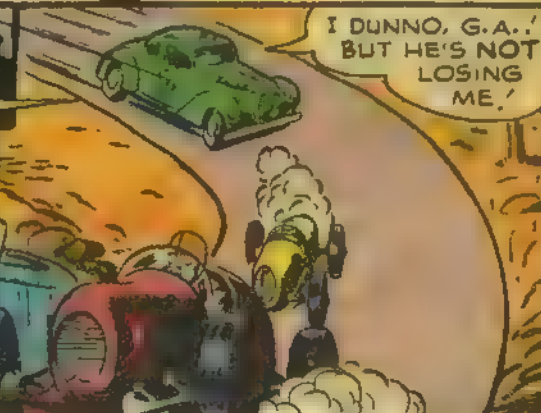


OKAY—GET IN WITH THOSE RACERS. HERE'S WHERE THE FUN REALLY STARTS. HA, HA, HA!

LOOK! HE'S IN WITH THE MIDGET RACERS! WONDER WHAT TRICK HE'S UP TO NOW?



I DUNNO, G.A. BUT HE'S NOT LOSING ME!



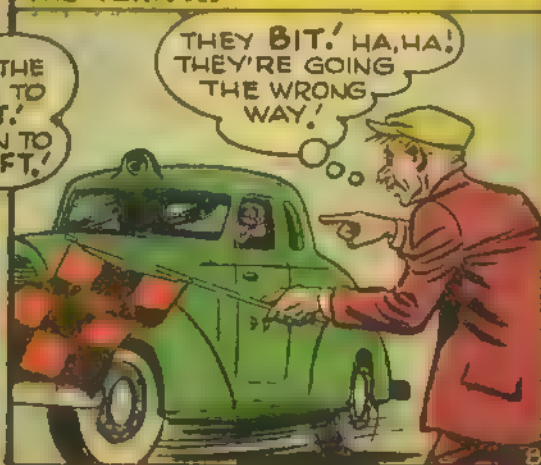
UP AHEAD AT A TURN OF THE ROAD...

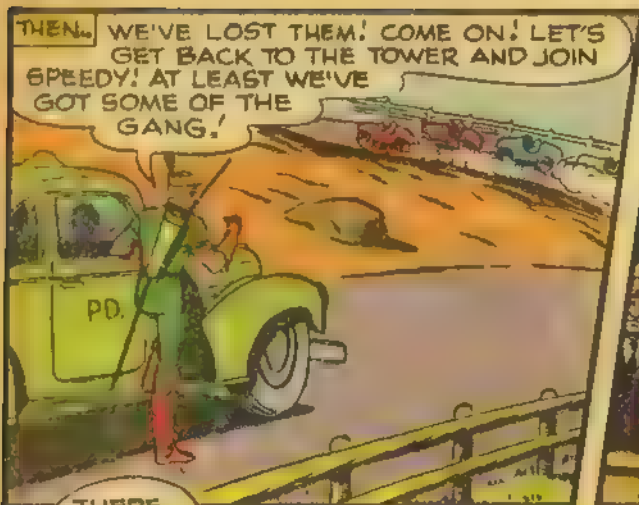
THERE'S LEFTY WITH THE FLAG! HE'S DIRECTING THE OTHER CARS TO THE RIGHT! WE'LL TURN TO THE LEFT!



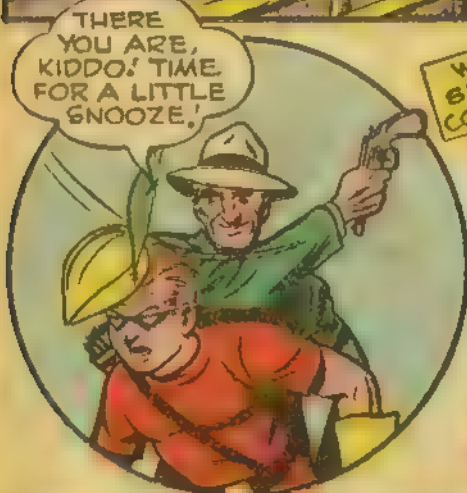
AND WHEN THE SQUAD CAR GETS TO THE TURN...

THEY BIT! HA, HA! THEY'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!





THEN... WE'VE LOST THEM! COME ON! LET'S GET BACK TO THE TOWER AND JOIN SPEEDY! AT LEAST WE'VE GOT SOME OF THE GANG!



THERE YOU ARE, KIDDO! TIME FOR A LITTLE SNOOZE!

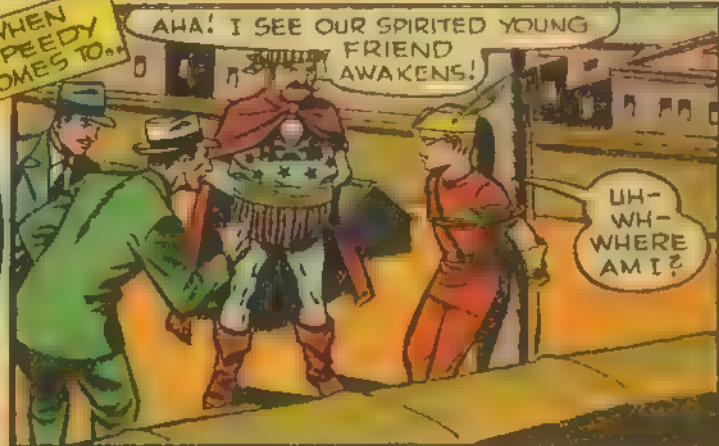
WHEN SPEEDY COMES TO...



NOT QUITE, G.A.! FOR BACK AT THE TOWER, SPEEDY IS IN JEOPARDY...

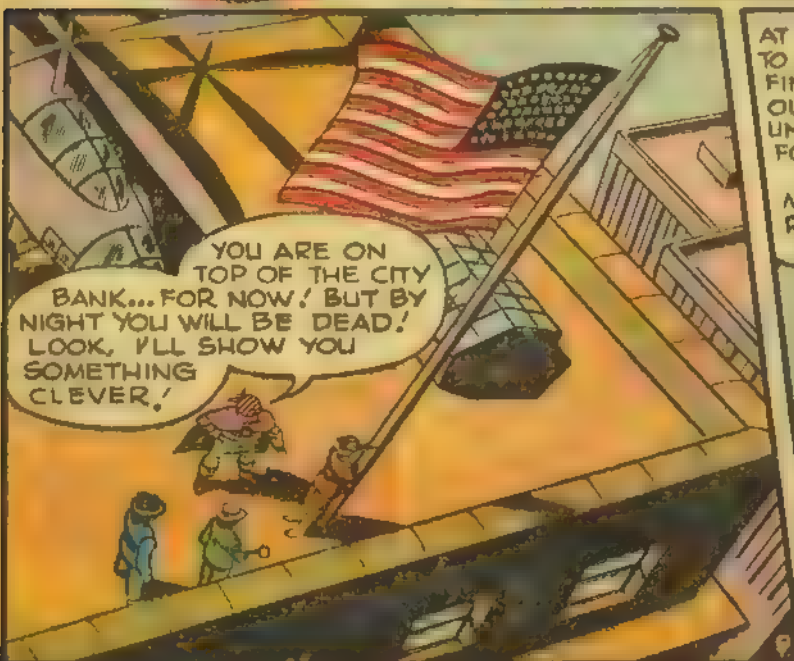
YOU CROOKS MIGHT AS WELL RELAX! WE'RE STAYING HERE UNTIL G.A. RETURNS WITH YOUR BOSS!

SAYS YOU, BRAT! YOU FORGOT ABOUT ME!



AHA! I SEE OUR SPIRITED YOUNG FRIEND AWAKENS!

UH-WH-WHERE AM I?



YOU ARE ON TOP OF THE CITY BANK... FOR NOW! BUT BY NIGHT YOU WILL BE DEAD! LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING CLEVER!

AT SUNSET, WHEN THEY COME UP TO REMOVE THE FLAG, THEY WILL FIND YOU TIED HERE... AND OUT COLD! WHEN THEY TRY TO UNTIE YOU, A TIME BOMB SET FOR SIX O'CLOCK WILL GO OFF, AND THE BOYS AND I WILL MAKE USE OF THE HOLE IN THE ROOF TO RELIEVE THE BANK OF SOME GOOD MONEY! HO, HO!



MEANWHILE, UNSEEN BY THE FLAG, SPEEDY'S HANDS WORK QUICKLY...

I'VE DONE IT! NOW IF G.A. CAN ONLY SEE IT!

NOW LET ME HAVE THE CHLOROFORM TO PUT JUNIOR TO SLEEP AGAIN! HA, HA! SO HE CAN'T CALL OUT FOR HELP!

IT IS SHORT MINUTES AFTERWARDS AND AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS...

NO ONE WOULD EVER THINK TO LOOK FOR YOU UP HERE - ULP!

WE GOT YOUR SIGNAL, SPEEDY!

HE SIGNALLED YOU? BUT HOW? IMPOSSIBLE!

YET YOU SEE WE'RE HERE! WHICH IS GOING TO BE BAD FOR YOU!

BEFORE I DO ANY EXPLAINING I'D BETTER TRUSS YOU UP WITH THE OLD BOLO ARROW!

NOW LOOK ABOVE YOU AND YOU'LL SEE THE FLAG IS AT HALF MAST! THAT'S HOW SPEEDY ATTRACTED OUR ATTENTION - BY USING A FLAG!

CONFOUND THAT SNIPPY KID!

LATER, AT THE ARCHERY CONTEST...

GOSH, G.A.! TELL US MORE ABOUT THE FLAG!

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO TELL! HE'S IN JAIL AND HIS STORY IS ENDED! JUST LIKE THIS ONE!

THE END

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN... JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME" SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL... NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH ITS SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

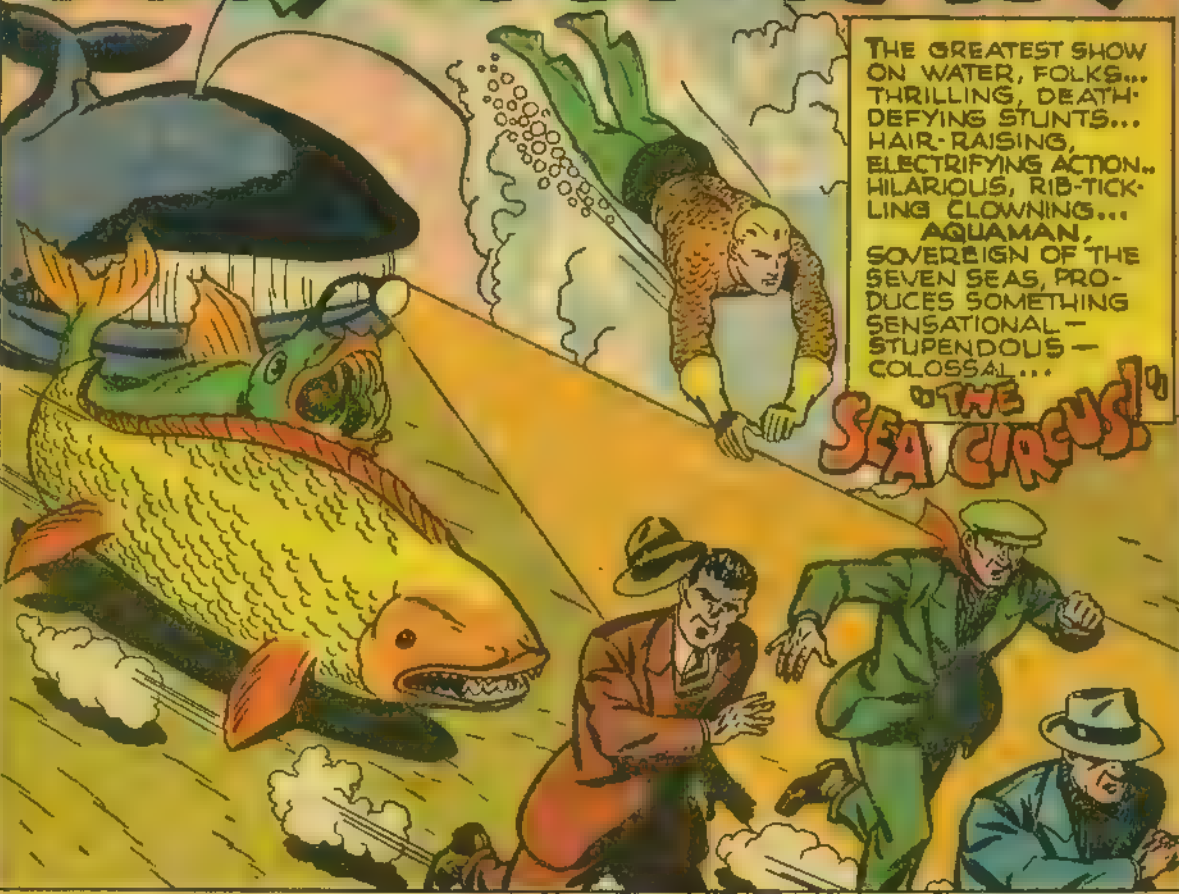


UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

AQUAMAN

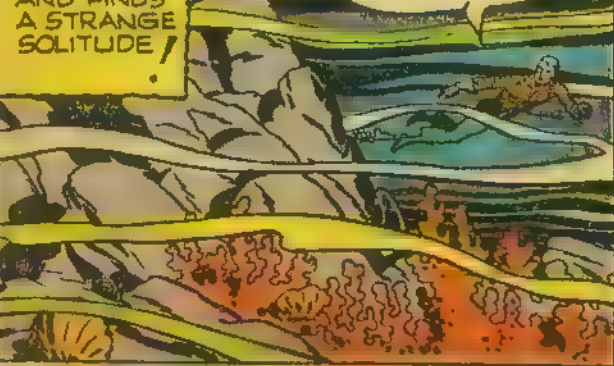
THE GREATEST SHOW
ON WATER, FOLKS...
THRILLING, DEATH-
DEFYING STUNTS...
HAIR-RAISING,
ELECTRIFYING ACTION...
HILARIOUS, RIB-TICK-
LING CLOWNING...
AQUAMAN,
SOVEREIGN OF THE
SEVEN SEAS, PRO-
DUCE SOMETHING
SENSATIONAL —
STUPENDOUS —
COLOSSAL...

**"THE
SEA CIRCUS!"**



AQUAMAN
RETURNS
TO AN
OCEAN
LONG
UNVISITED-
AND FINDS
A STRANGE
SOLITUDE!

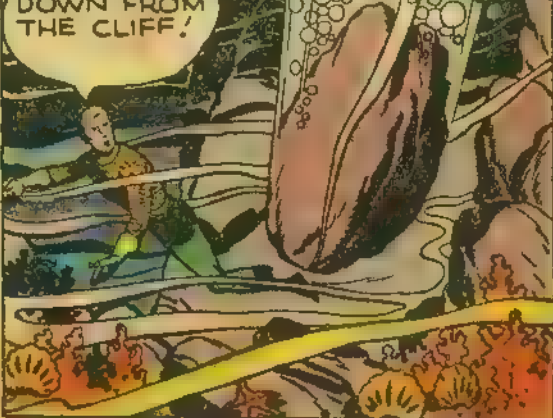
THIS PLACE USED
TO SWARM WITH FISH...
AND NOW I CAN'T FIND
A SINGLE ONE! WONDER
WHAT HAPPENED?

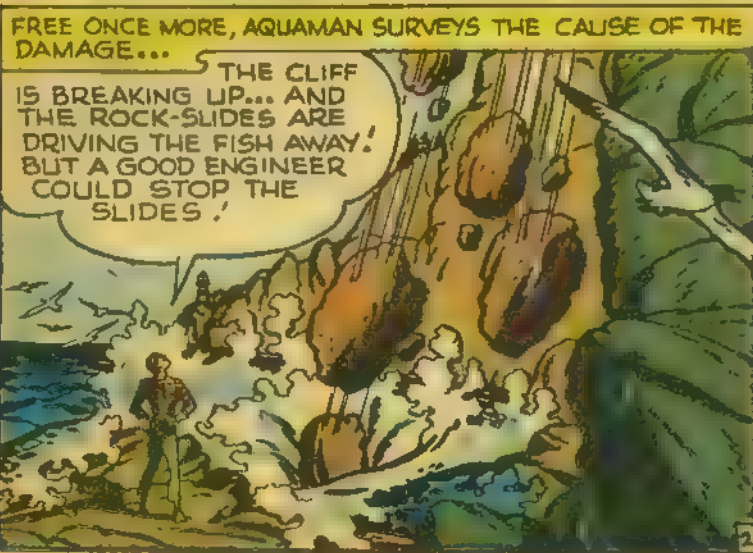
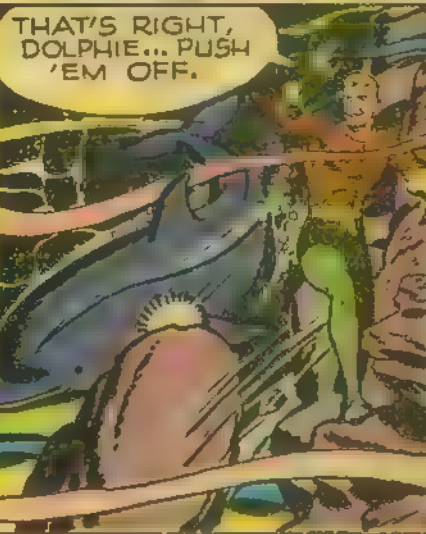
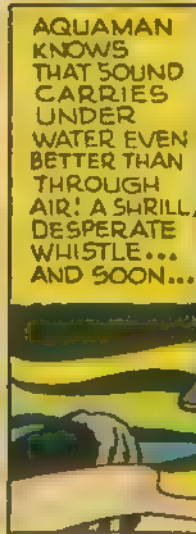
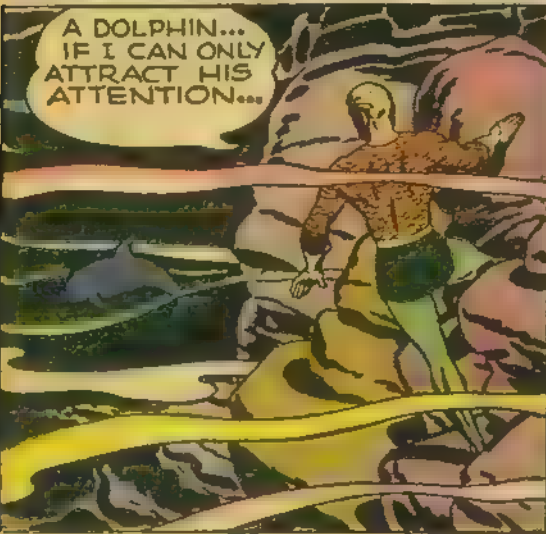
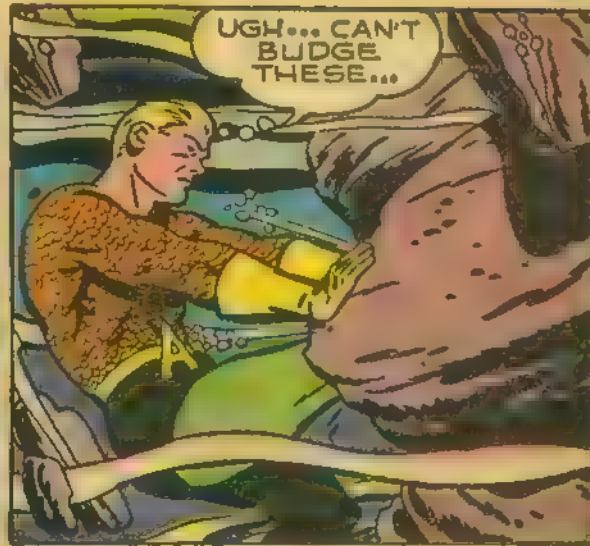
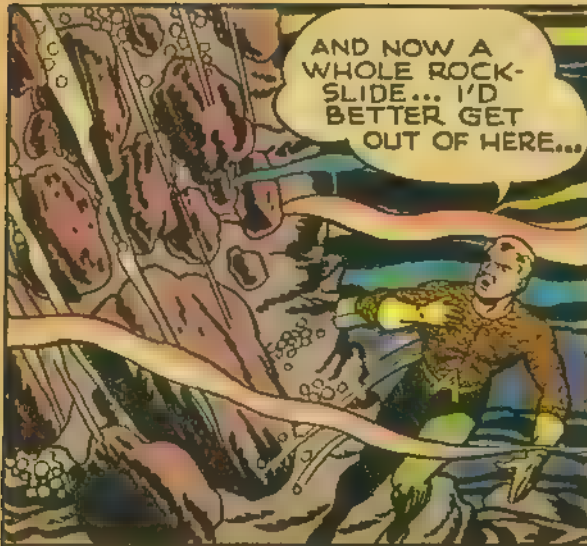


SUDDENLY...

A
BOULDER...
DOWN FROM
THE CLIFF!

SPLASH!





THUS, SHORTLY...

AQUAMAN'S SEA CIRCUS!

A WHALE OF A SHOW! NOTHING FISHY ABOUT IT!
SEE IT, AND YOU'LL NEVER CRAB!
GATE RECEIPTS TO PHILANTHROPIC FISH FUND!

UNDER THE
BIG TOP...
AQUAMAN
IS MASTER
OF CERE-
MONIES!
FIRST...

Flipp
THE
FLYING-
FISH...

ALLEY-OOP...
THROUGH THE
HOOP!

NOW, LOUIE, THE
LEADING LUNGFISH...
WATCH CLOSELY,
FOLKS!

THE ONLY FISH IN
CAPTIVITY THAT CAN
CLIMB A TREE! GIVE
HIM A BIG HAND,
EVERYBODY!

AND NOW, IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TANK... THAT GREAT, STIRRING, DRAMATIC SPECTACLE... **THE SINKING SHIP!**

ARK!

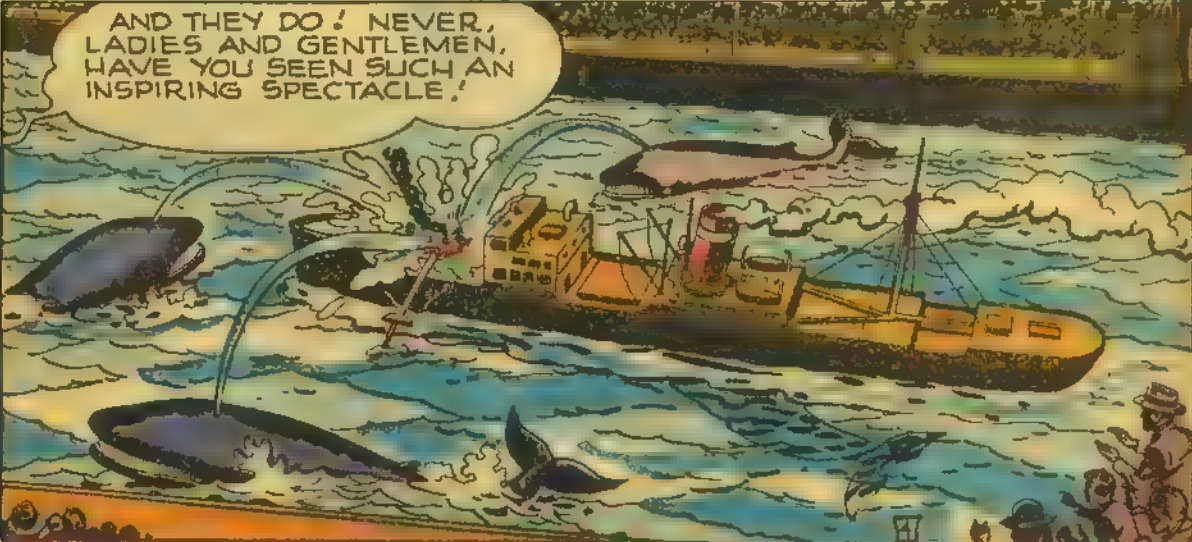
ARK!

TRANSLATION, FOLKS, THE MATE SAYS, "THE WATER'S POURING IN HER, SIR." THE CAPTAIN REPLIES: "SEND OUT AN SOS!"

THE MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY A MEMBER OF THE WHALE FLEET... TO THE RESCUE!



AND THEY DO! NEVER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HAVE YOU SEEN SUCH AN INSPIRING SPECTACLE!



NEXT... THE CLOWNS CAVORT!

HERE IS OUR BALLOON FISH... ALL SWELLED UP ABOUT NOTHING!

OH, OH, THAT MADE HIM ANGRY... HE EXPLODED!

HA, HA!

BOOM!

UNEXPECTEDLY... AN ACT NOT LISTED ON THE PROGRAM! THE THROW OF A SWITCH, AND ...

EEEEHHH... SOMEBODY PUT THE LIGHTS OUT! HELP!

DON'T GET PANICKY, FOLKS! THIS IS AQUAMAN, YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES.. (WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?)

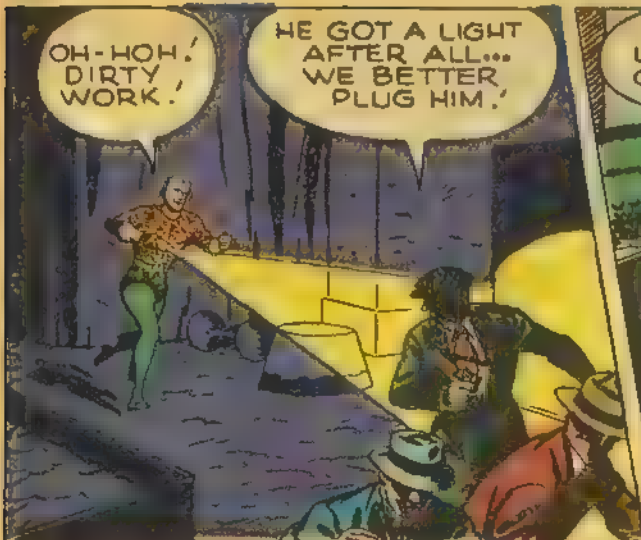
MEANWHILE.. OTHER THINGS ARE HAPPENING ABOUT WHICH AQUAMAN KNOWS, NOTHING.

FORTY GRAND... THE TAKE FOR THE SHOW! AND IT'LL BE A CINCIN TO GET AWAY IN THE DARK!

BUT AQUAMAN SEEKS OUT HIS LUMINOUS FISH TO FURNISH LIGHT!

AQUAMANS SEA CIRCUS

YOU'LL DO AS A SEARCH-LIGHT, FRIEND... NOW TO SEE WHAT'S UP!



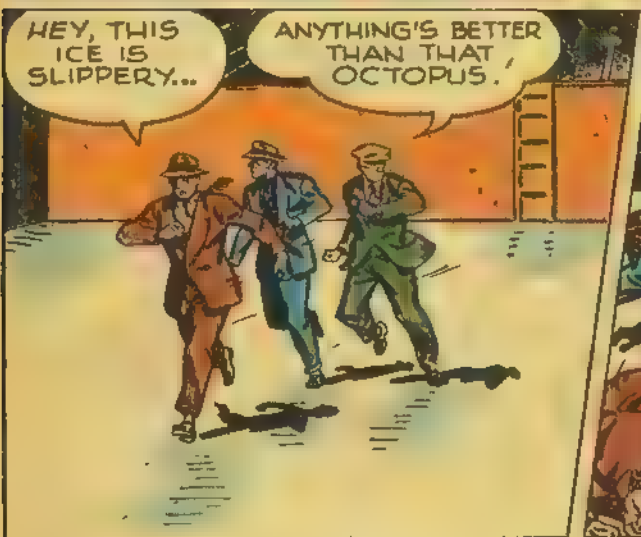
OH-HOH!
DIRTY
WORK!

HE GOT A LIGHT
AFTER ALL...
WE BETTER
PLUG HIM!



Y///...
LEMMIE OUT
OF HERE!

THERE'S AN ICE
TANK NEARBY...
QUICK!



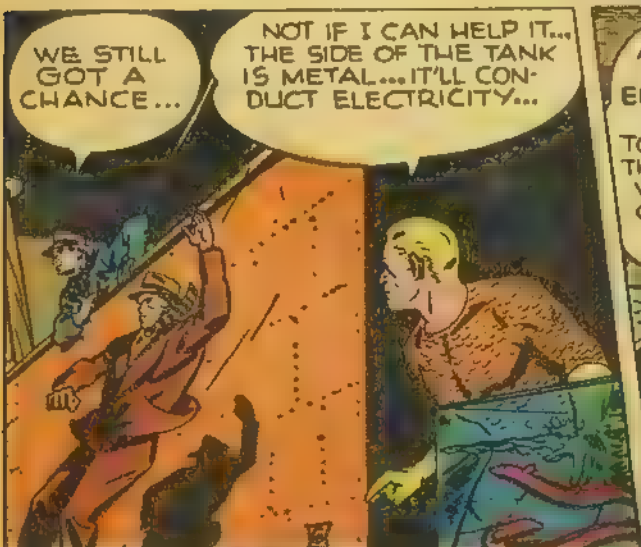
HEY, THIS
ICE IS
SLIPPERY...

ANYTHING'S BETTER
THAN THAT
OCTOPUS.



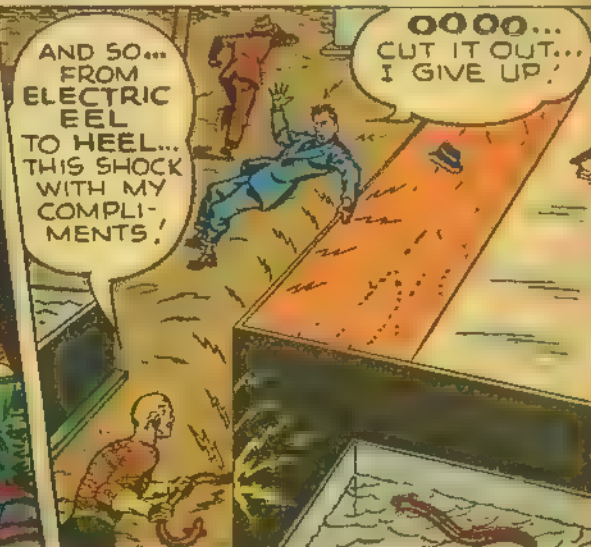
EEHH...
WATCH OUT
FOR THEM
TUSKS!

BRRR...I'M SORRY
I STARTED THIS
WHOLE THING...
I'M GETTIN'
COLD FEET!



WE STILL
GOT A
CHANCE...

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT...
THE SIDE OF THE TANK
IS METAL...IT'LL CON-
DUCT ELECTRICITY...



AND SO...
FROM
ELECTRIC
EEL
TO HEEL...
THIS SHOCK
WITH MY COM-
PLI-
MENTS!

OOOO...
CUT IT OUT...
I GIVE UP!

PRESENTLY... ANOTHER RAT IS CORNERED!

A FISH COMIN' AFTER ME... KEEP IT AWAY! I WON'T FIGHT ANY MORE!

ONE LAST ELUSIVE CRIMINAL FINDS THE GOING ROUGH!

OWWW... COISE THEM TRAINED SEALS... BUT THEY WON'T STOP ME!

NOW WHALES... GLUB... THIS IS THE END!

AND ONCE MORE... THE SHOW GOES ON...

NOW A STARFISH WATER BALLET... ONLY ACT OF ITS KIND!

AND AS THE SEQUENCE OF STELLAR ACTS COMES TO A CLOSE...

THOSE SEA-CREATURES ARE SURE TALENTED! IT'S THE GREATEST SHOW ON LAND OR SEA!

TAKE ME TO SEE IT AGAIN, MOM!

AND SOME TIME LATER...

THAT WILL KEEP THE ROCK FROM SLIDING DOWN... AND THE FISH WILL BE SAFE IN THESE WATERS AGAIN... THANKS TO THE SEA CIRCUS.

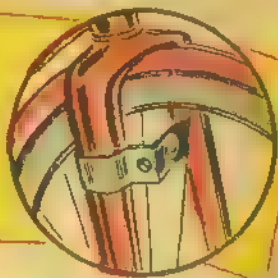
BOYS! GIRLS! A SLICK NEW Motor Bike "Putt-Putt"!

MAKES YOUR BIKE SOUND LIKE A MOTORCYCLE!

PUTT-PUTT-PUTT! Watch folk's eyes bulge out when you come roaring down the street with this noisy motor bike "putt-putt"! Made of heavy, aircraft-grade aluminum. Fits bicycles and tricycles... attaches in one minute... only one screw to adjust. Can't scratch bike or catch in spokes. Four extra "PUTT-PUTT" strips included. Tear out that coupon right now—send for one or two today (two make twice as much noise).

ONLY ONE MINUTE TO ATTACH!

Rubber liner protects paint
Fibre noise-strip can be latched
back so you can ride quietly
Slip it out of slot and—putt
PUTT-PUTT PUR R ROAR!
—you're off like a speed cop!



Ask Mom for Kellogg's Rice Krispies today! More kids eat Kellogg's Cereals than any other brand!

"RICE KRISPIES" is a trademark
(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) for Kellogg's
delicious oven-popped rice

Mother Knows Best!

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY KELLOGG CO.

ONLY 15¢ AND A RICE KRISPIES BOX TOP!

Quick! Send me () Motor Bike "Putt-Putt"(s) Right Away!

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. 86-B, Battle Creek, Michigan

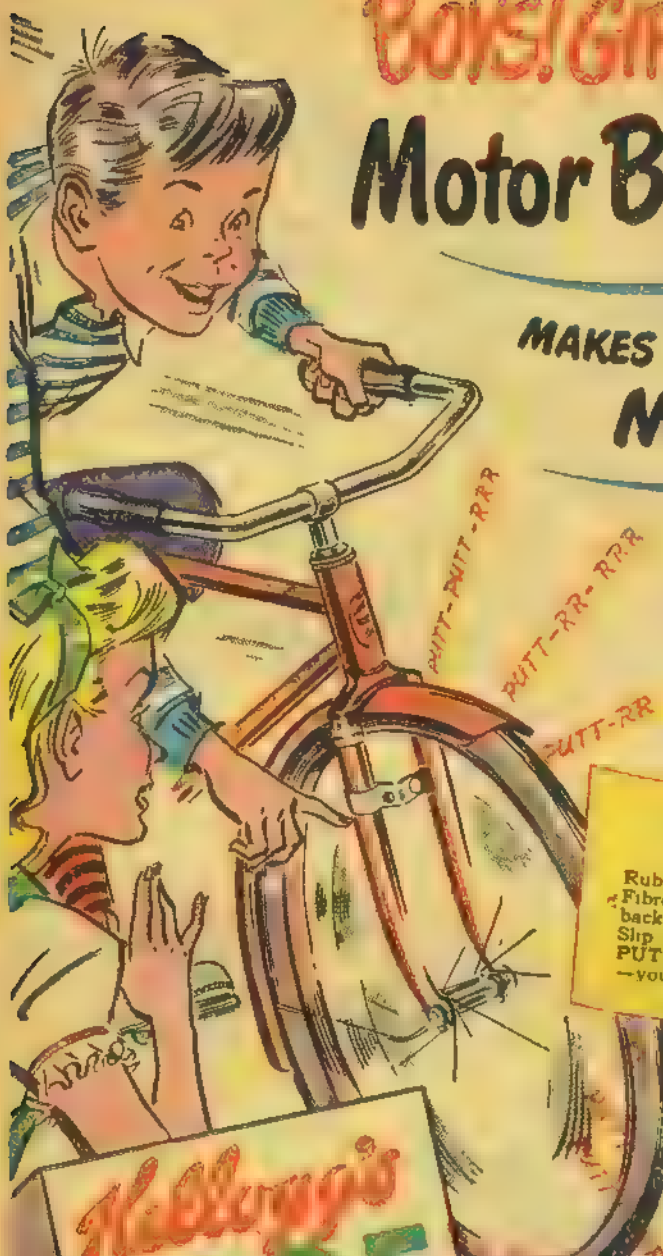
I enclose 15¢ and one Kellogg's Rice Krispies box top (end marked "top") for each Motor Bike "Putt-Putt" ordered.

Name

Address

City Zone State

This offer is limited to residents of the United States only.

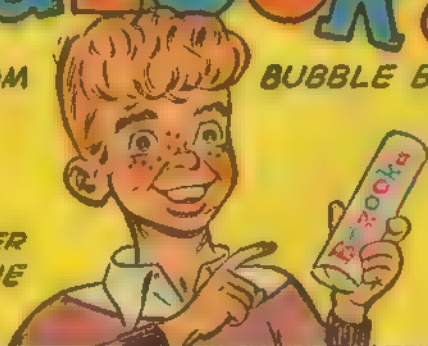


Bazooka

THE ATOM

BUBBLE BOY

in
RANGER
RESCUE



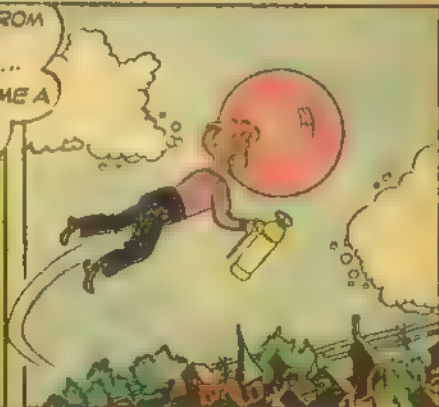
FLASH! THE FIRE IN GREEN FOREST HAS COMPLETELY CUT OFF THREE FOREST RANGERS. THE MEN ARE TRAPPED!



SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR ME! LUCKY THING THAT DAD HAS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER IN THE GARAGE!



NOW FOR A GIANT BUBBLE FROM MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM. I'LL SAY THE MAGIC PHRASE... "BAZOOKA, BAZOOKA, MAKE ME A BUBBLE-AND FLY ME TO WHERE MY GOOD FRIENDS ARE IN TROUBLE."



NOW THE MAGIC WORD TO GO DOWN! AKOOZAB! AKOOZAB!



HOORAY! HERE'S BAZOOKA. I KNEW HE'D COME!

I'M GLAD THAT BAZOOKA ATOM BUBBLE GUM MAKES THOSE GIANT BUBBLES!



I'VE CLEARED A PATH FOR US-LET'S GO!

NEW BIGGER BUBBLES
BETTER BUBBLES

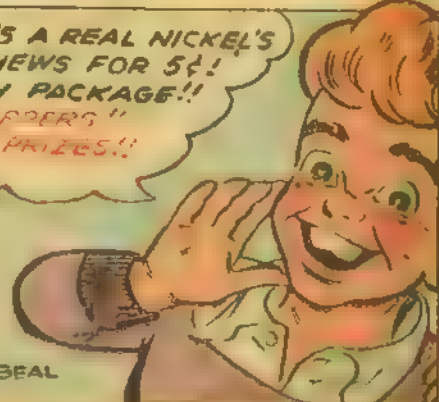


6 BIG
CHEWS
FOR 5¢

HEY, KIDS! HERE'S A REAL NICKEL'S WORTH! 6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢! COMICS IN EVERY PACKAGE!! SAVE WRAPPERS' VALUABLE PRIZES!!



AWARDED THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL





COLD TURKEY

BY M. G. PATTINGTON



"BIG DAN'LL be out on parole any day now and . . ." The speaker abruptly stopped as young Jack Matson came around the corner of the house.

"This is Jack, Mr. Kirby," Jack's father introduced him to the broad shouldered man who had been talking.

"Jack, this is 'Honest' Tom Kirby, Philadelphia reporter. We've read so much of your writing, Mr. Kirby, that it's about the same as though we'd personally known you."

"Well, I'm tickled to know that people read my stuff as far from Philly as this," replied the reporter.

"I might as well start at the beginning, seeing that your son is here now," Kirby continued. "You see, Jack, you were recommended to me as being trusty people. Perhaps you don't remember, but, about five years ago a robber by the name of Big Dan was captured in that narrow piece of woods beyond the Massanutten State Game Refuge. But his swag was never found. Now, my idea is that when Big Dan gets out on parole he's going to head right back here, pick up that money and then disappear, perhaps to South America. It's easy to hire someone to fly you there by way of Mexico these days."

"But, I don't see where I—" began Jack.

"But you're the main link in this thing, son," the reporter interrupted. "I want to dress up in some rough clothes and with your help just poke around hunting in that strip of woods until Big Dan shows up. It won't be long. He's wanted in two other states for armed robbery and when they find out he's been released they'll be after him and that'll cancel his pa-

role. Now what can we hunt this time of year here in 'Virginnny?"

"Well, the wild turkey season opens November 15th, in this section west of the Blue Ridge. That's tomorrow."

"Just the thing," Honest Tom exclaimed. "I've hunted plenty of turks in my time. It'll be like old home day. Your dad said he'd lend me his 12-gauge and while I'd prefer a 20, that'll have to do. You know they say a turkey gobbler would strut less if he could look ahead and tell his own fortune."

Jack and his father both laughed and the family meal in the fine old Virginian farmhouse was an entertaining one, for the reporter, Honest Tom, was a fine story teller and his remarks kept the entire Matson family in an uproar.

Jack's father drove them a ways down US Route 11, the next morning until they could turn off to the patch of woods that had harbored Big Dan. It was a clear crisp morning. "Just right for turkey shooting," remarked the reporter.

"I've done a lot of studying on this land here from the Survey Maps," he continued. "so I'll head to about where Big Dan was picked up and then you can take charge from there on."

"And, oh yes, Jack," he added a few minutes later as they pushed their way through the heavy underbrush, "if we meet anyone you'd better introduce me as an old friend of the family. That's one reason I picked your place. I'd heard that everyone around here knew you and there'd be less questions asked."

"Well, here we are, Jack," the big man

spoke up a few minutes later as they arrived on the banks of a small stream. "Across there's the woods where they landed Big Dan. Say, you know we've come out about right, and this would be a swell place to wait around for turkeys too. If they come across that open piece of field ahead of us to get to the creek here we'll have a perfect shot. Much better than the lower end there where the woods run right along the creek bank. Couldn't see there at all."

Jack nodded back at the reporter but he suddenly felt something tighten up inside. The early morning sun was giving enough light now so that the tree tops across the creek were showing up plainly. A few of the trees were shedding their leaves and Jack suddenly saw something that made his breath catch in his throat.

"How's the hunting, Jack?" the words made Jack jump but even as he turned he recognized the speaker, a local deputy, who spent most of the hunting days in the woods as game warden.

The reporter, Honest Tom, had turned too but his partly raised gun lowered as the man's greeting showed him to be a friend of Jack's. "Just got here, Mr. Hartland. This is Mr. Kirby," and then in spite of Kirby's protesting headshakes, Jack told the local officer the reason for the reporter's visit.

"And," Jack concluded, "Honest Tom says that he's done a lot of turkey shooting and that right here's the best spot he can see to wait for turkeys. Gives us a clear shot, much better than where the woods come out to the stream's edge below."

"Yes, I see," Officer Hartland started as though he were leaving the two when he quickly turned and the gun which he had raised part way to his shoulder suddenly swept completely around until it centered squarely on the broad form of the reporter.

"You must have spotted his cache, Jack,

or you wouldn't have tipped me off," stated the warden.

"Yes, it's hidden somewheres near that tree with the branches cut off part way up. Honest, I mean Big Dan, located it the minute we got here and didn't want to go anywhere else to hunt turkeys."

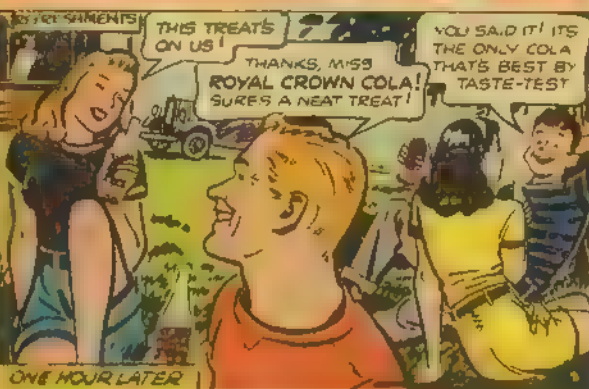
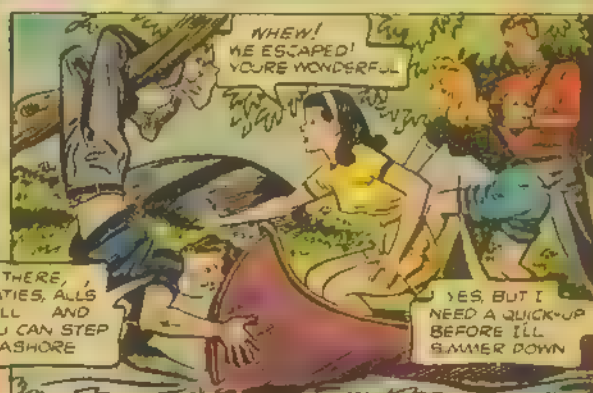
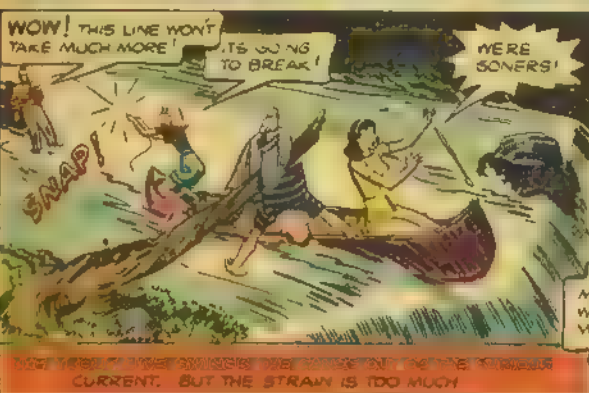
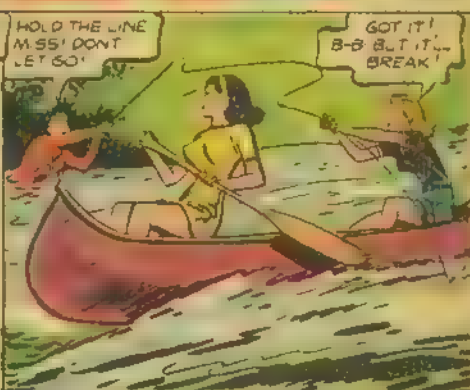
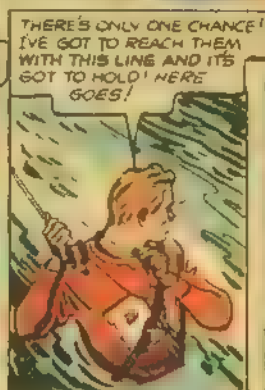
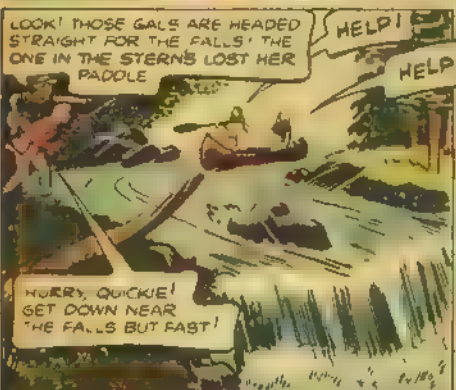
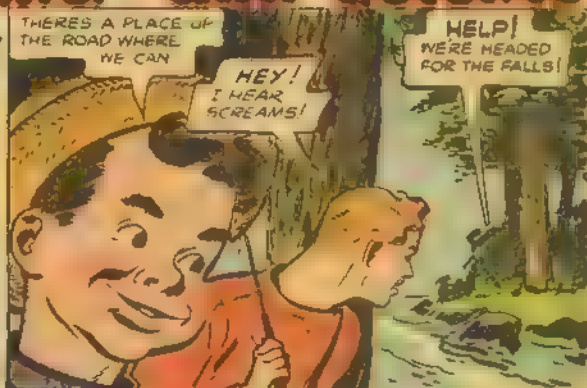
"All right, you've smoked out me and the money too," growled the big one, "but I still don't see why my wanting to hunt turkeys here would make you suspicious. Just as good here as anywheres, far as I can see. Thought I'd have plenty time enough for I knew about where it was, only with the turkey season opening up I didn't dare take the chance of coming here alone. With someone that was known it would be a cinch to get the cash and get out before my escape was noised around. How'd you catch on?"

"I'll answer for Jack," the deputy grinned at the big man. "When he told me that you were an old turkey hunter and that you said it would be better here by an open field I knew that something was wrong. Turkeys will walk a mile extra to keep under cover when they go for a drink. The best place along this whole ridge, as any turkey hunter would know, would be where the woods meet the stream. And you could see plenty good enough there to get one with a shot gun. Honest Tom Kirby was never known to tell something he wasn't sure of."

"Well, I'm gobbled up," Big Dan ruefully exclaimed. "Caught by a bird that gets the axe about three weeks after the politicians get it. Let's go. I know'd I should have kept away from this country in the first place. This world's just one warden after another for me."

"The first thing," added Jack as he slipped Warden Hartland's hand cuffs on the wrists of Big Dan, "that made me suspicious yesterday was his asking dad for a 20-gauge gun. Very few old time turkey hunters will use anything smaller than a 12."

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE





Johnny Quick

WHEN FATE SETS FIRE TO A WHOLE FARM AND LEAVES A HUNGRY TOWN FACING STARVATION THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, JOHNNY QUICK, KING OF SPEED, REAPS HARVESTS, THRESHES, BINDS, PACKS AND SHIPS! IN SHORT, HE BECOMES...

"The Miracle FARMER!"

and his
MAGIC
FORMULA



THIS IS THE EUROPEAN VILLAGE OF RIDICE, WHOSE PEOPLE ARE STARVING AS AN AFTERMATH OF WAR...

BUT MAMA, I'M STILL HUNGRY...

I KNOW, CHILD... BUT WE MUST SAVE THE REST FOR OUR DINNER AND SUPPER...



AND THIS IS RIDICE, U.S.A., WHOSE PEOPLE HAVE PLEDGED THEMSELVES TO SEND FOOD TO THEIR OVERSEAS NAMESAKE...

POP, THE OTHER RIDICE IS PRETTY FAR AWAY, ISN'T IT?

YEP, BUT THE FIRST FOLKS WHO SETTLED HERE CAME FROM THERE, AN' THAT MAKES IT NEAR TO OUR HEARTS. WE'LL FEED 'EM GOOD, THE WAY WE FEED OURSELVES...



COVERING THE EVENT FOR HIS NEWSREEL COMPANY IS ACE CAMERAMAN JOHNNY CHAMBERS, PLUS HIS CORPULENT CRONY, TUBBY WATTS.

WELL, THERE ARE THE VITTLES, MR. CHAMBERS—ALL PACKED AND READY!

THAT'S A LOT OF EATING, MR. WOOD. TUBBY, THINK YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR APPETITE LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE SOME PICTURES? I'M GOING TO LOOK OVER THE REST OF THE FARM...



ALAS, WHILE JOHNNY IS GONE, AND TUBBY GRINDS THE CAMERA, UNLOOKED FOR TRAGEDY BEGINS IN THE HAYLOFT!

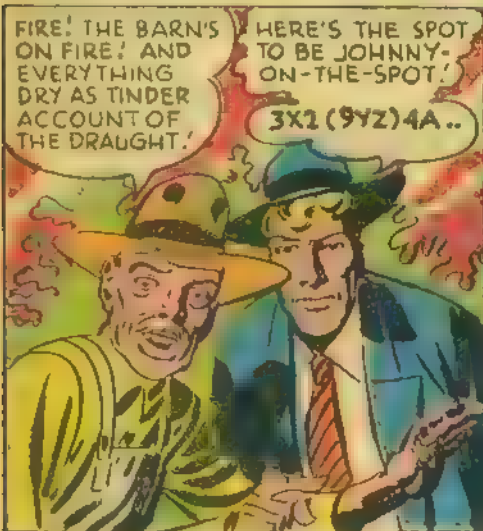


THE FIRE IS NOTICED—BUT TOO LATE!

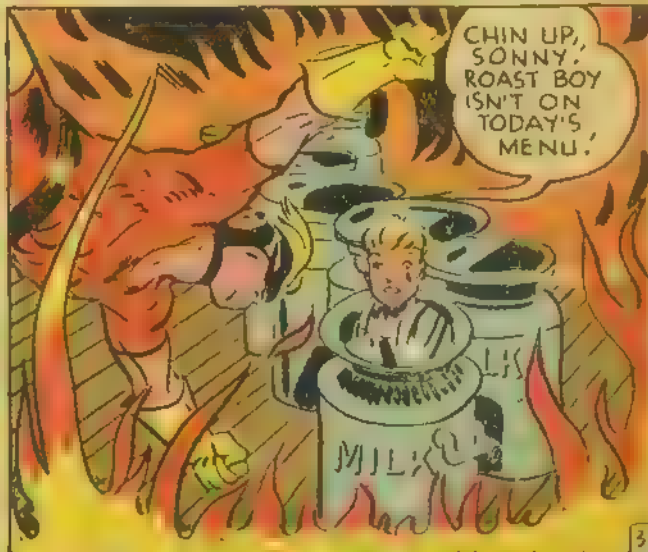
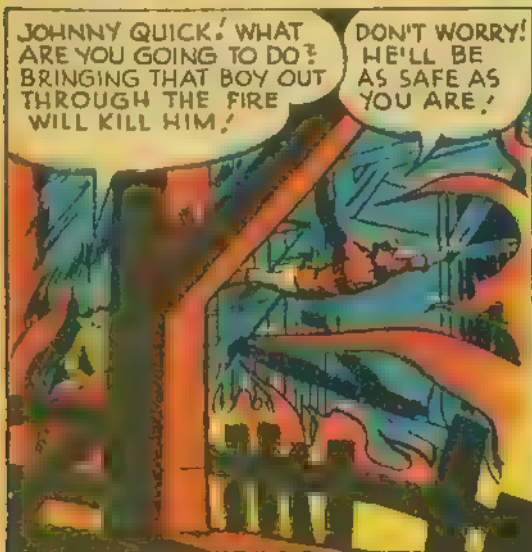
FIRE!

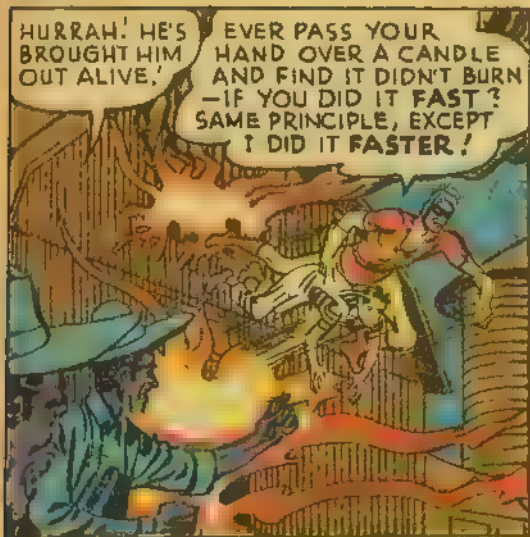
THE BARN'S ON FIRE!





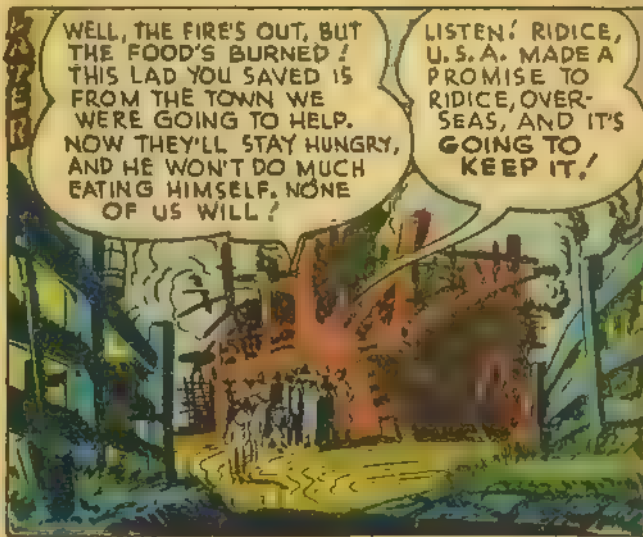
THE MAGIC FORMULA TRANSFORMS JOHNNY CHAMBERS, CAMERAMAN, INTO JOHNNY QUICK, KING OF SPEED!





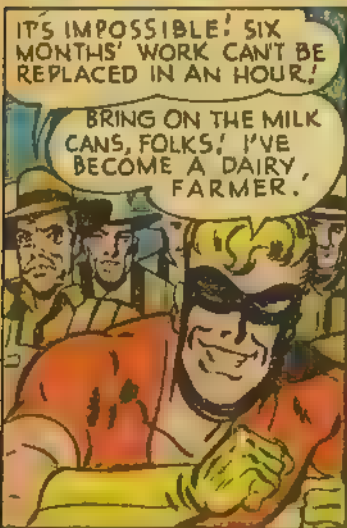
HURRAH! HE'S BROUGHT HIM OUT ALIVE!

EVER PASS YOUR HAND OVER A CANDLE AND FIND IT DIDN'T BURN —IF YOU DID IT FAST? SAME PRINCIPLE, EXCEPT I DID IT FASTER!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT, BUT THE FOOD'S BURNED! THIS LAD YOU SAVED IS FROM THE TOWN WE WERE GOING TO HELP. NOW THEY'LL STAY HUNGRY, AND HE WON'T DO MUCH EATING HIMSELF. NONE OF US WILL!

LISTEN! RIDICE, U.S.A. MADE A PROMISE TO RIDICE, OVER-SEAS, AND IT'S GOING TO KEEP IT!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! SIX MONTHS' WORK CAN'T BE REPLACED IN AN HOUR!

BRING ON THE MILK CANS, FOLKS! I'VE BECOME A DAIRY FARMER.

AND IN THE COW PASTURE...



THERE! THAT'S JUST ABOUT—

—THE LAST DROP!

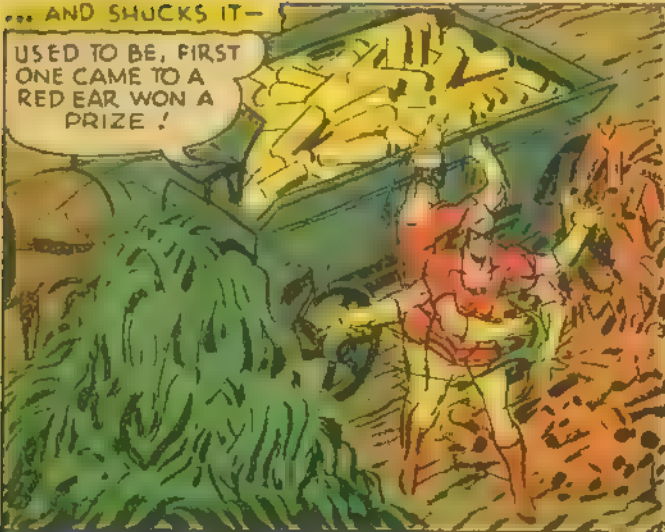


WHILE THE FARMERS HERE ARE MAKING CHEESE AND BUTTER OUT OF THE MILK, I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND PICK SOME CORN!

JOHNNY PICKS THE CORN...



... AND SHUCKS IT—



USED TO BE, FIRST ONE CAME TO A RED EAR WON A PRIZE!

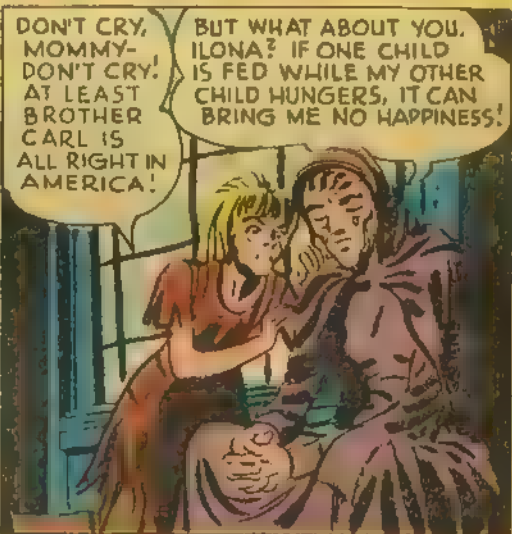


THEY SHOULD MAKE ME A KENTUCKY "KERNEL" FOR THIS— SAVES SHIPPING SPACE TO TAKE THE GRAINS OFF.

MEANTIME, NEWS OF THE GREAT FIRE HAS GONE OUT OVER THE RADIO. IN A PUBLIC SQUARE IN A LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN, A SADDENED POPULACE LISTENS...



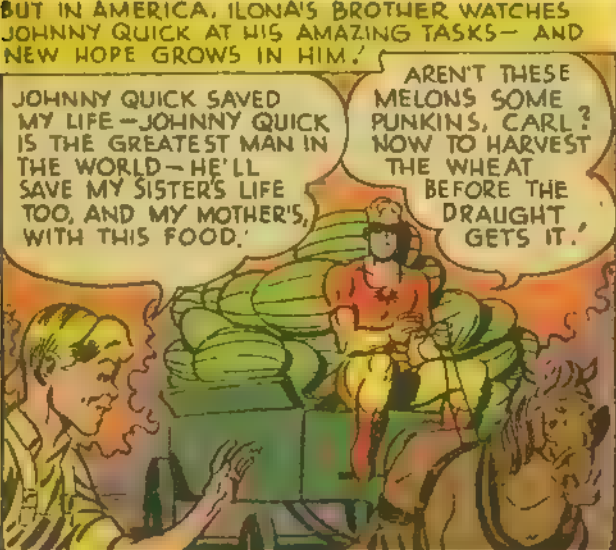
...FIRE HAS DESTROYED THE FOOD THAT WAS TO BE SENT HERE FROM AMERICA. LITTLE HOPE IS SEEN FOR ANY RELIEF IN THE NEAR FUTURE...



DON'T CRY, MOMMY— DON'T CRY! AT LEAST BROTHER CARL IS ALL RIGHT IN AMERICA!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, ILONA? IF ONE CHILD IS FED WHILE MY OTHER CHILD HUNGERS, IT CAN BRING ME NO HAPPINESS!

BUT IN AMERICA, ILONA'S BROTHER WATCHES JOHNNY QUICK AT HIS AMAZING TASKS— AND NEW HOPE GROWS IN HIM.



JOHNNY QUICK SAVED MY LIFE—JOHNNY QUICK IS THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD—HE'LL SAVE MY SISTER'S LIFE TOO, AND MY MOTHER'S, WITH THIS FOOD.

AREN'T THESE MELONS SOME PUNKINS, CARL? NOW TO HARVEST THE WHEAT BEFORE THE DRAUGHT GETS IT.

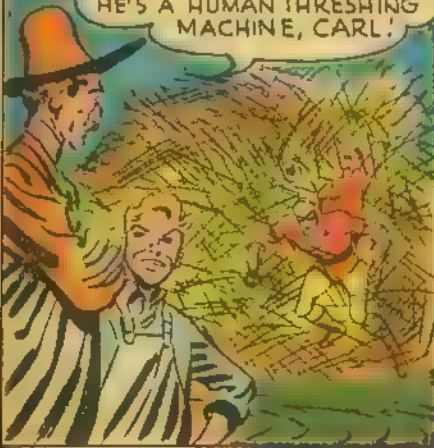


HE WEARS OUT THESE SCYTHES AS FAST AS WE CAN SHARPEN THEM.



JOHNNY THRESHES THE WHEAT THE QUICK WAY!

HE'S A HUMAN THRESHING MACHINE, CARL!



SOON A GREAT HEAP OF PRODUCE - CORN, POTATOES, GRAIN, MILK - ENOUGH FOR HOME AS WELL AS ABROAD... BUT-

HOW'LL WE KEEP IT FRESH, JOHNNY? SOME OF IT'S PERISHABLE AND OUR DEEP-FREEZERS WERE DESTROYED IN THE FIRE!

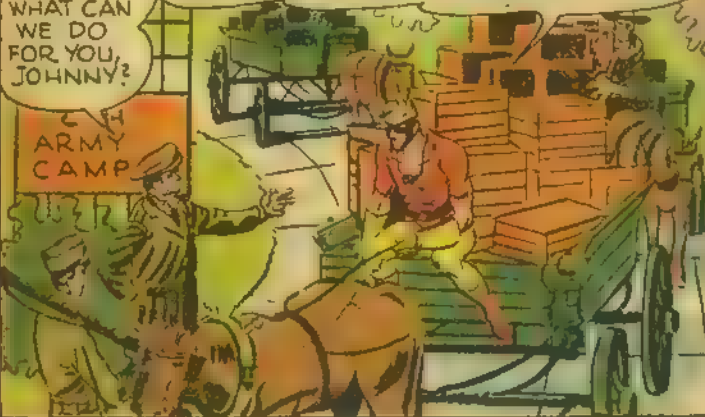
LEAVE IT TO ME! I'M GOING TO HIGH-FREEZE IT!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT A NEARBY ARMY CAMP...

IF IT ISN'T JOHNNY QUICK, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, JOHNNY?

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR ROCKET TESTS HERE, AND I WANT TO ASK A FAVOR. I WANT A LITTLE RIDE IN A GUIDED ROCKET!



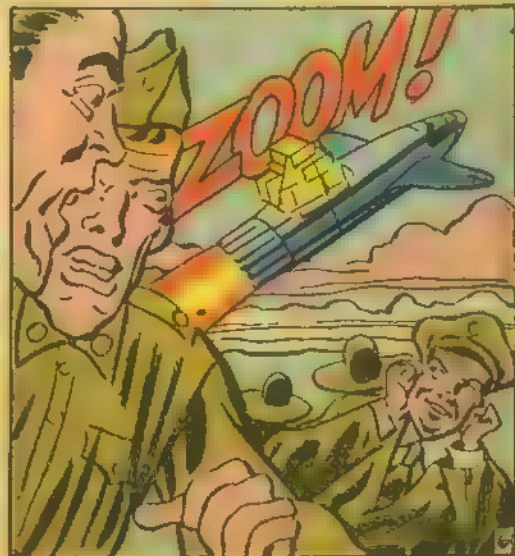
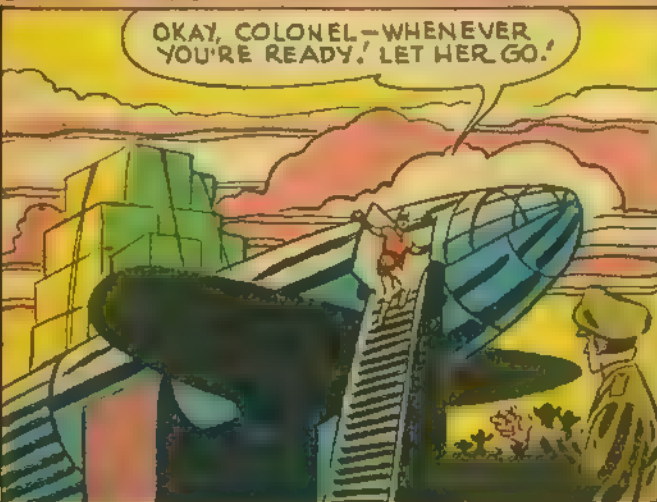
IT'S YOUR OWN IDEA, JOHNNY, AND YOUR OWN SKIN! REMEMBER, THESE ROCKETS HIT THE STRATOSPHERE!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT, COLONEL! JUST DIRECT THE ROCKET SO IT LANDS BACK ON THE FARM!



WITH THE CRATED FOOD STRAPPED TO THE ROCKET, JOHNNY TAKES HIS SEAT IN THE NOSE ...

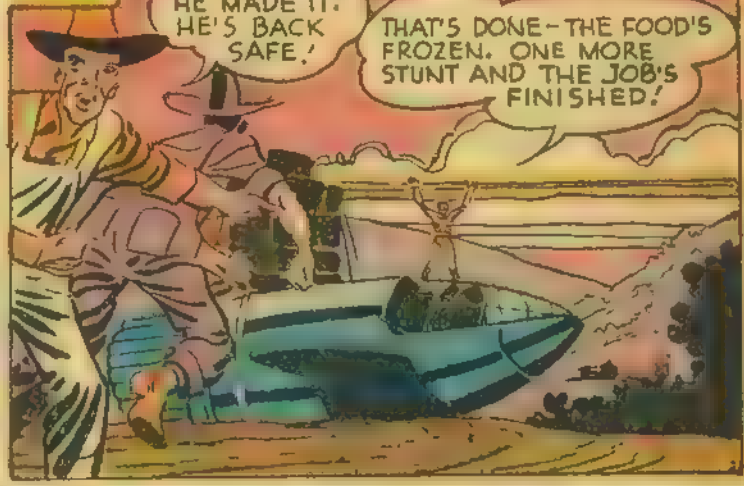
OKAY, COLONEL - WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, LET HER GO!





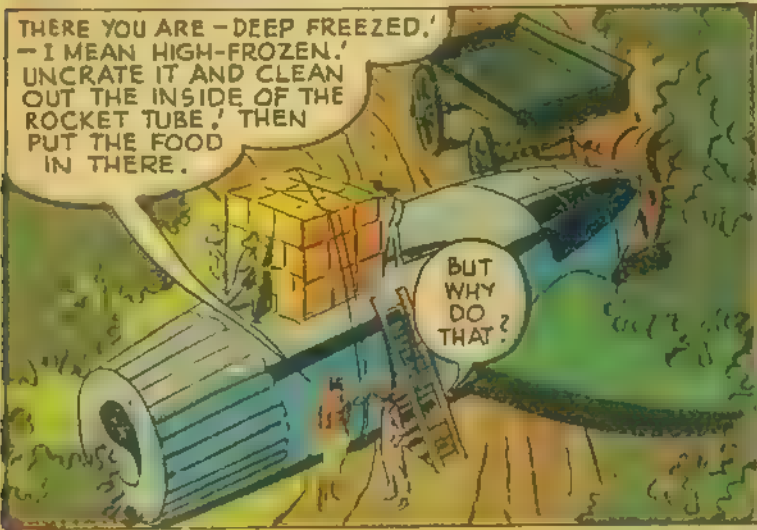
THIS THING MOVES ALMOST AS FAST AS I DO! BRRR— IT'S GETTING COLD UP HERE— LUCKY MY SUIT IS MADE OF SPECIAL MATERIAL!

THE ROCKET SWOOPS BACK TO EARTH—BACK TO THE FARM!



HE MADE IT! HE'S BACK SAFE!

THAT'S DONE—THE FOOD'S FROZEN. ONE MORE STUNT AND THE JOB'S FINISHED!



THERE YOU ARE—DEEP FROZEN,— I MEAN HIGH-FROZEN! UNCRATE IT AND CLEAN OUT THE INSIDE OF THE ROCKET TUBE! THEN PUT THE FOOD IN THERE.

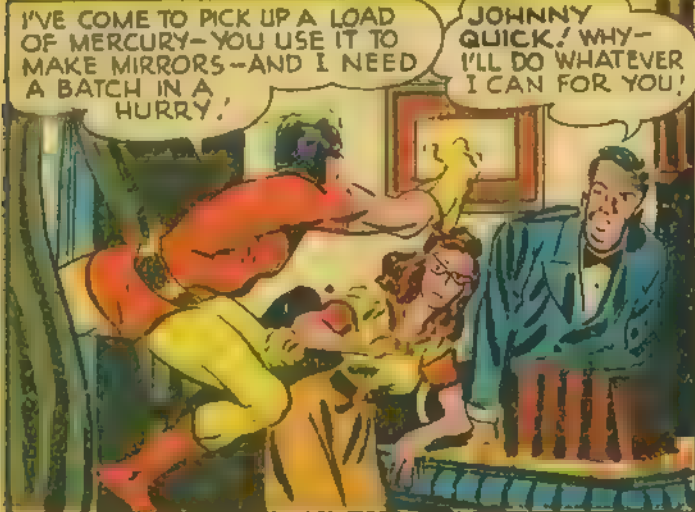
BUT WHY DO THAT?



BUILD A BIG FIRE RIGHT AT THE NOSE OF THE ROCKET— AND PUT A BIG TANK NEARBY— WITH SOME STOVE PIPING—I'LL BE BACK SOON!

OKAY, JOHNNY, WHATEVER YOU SAY!

SECONDS LATER, AT A GLASS FACTORY MILES AWAY...



I'VE COME TO PICK UP A LOAD OF MERCURY—YOU USE IT TO MAKE MIRRORS—AND I NEED A BATCH IN A HURRY!

JOHNNY QUICK! WHY—I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN FOR YOU!

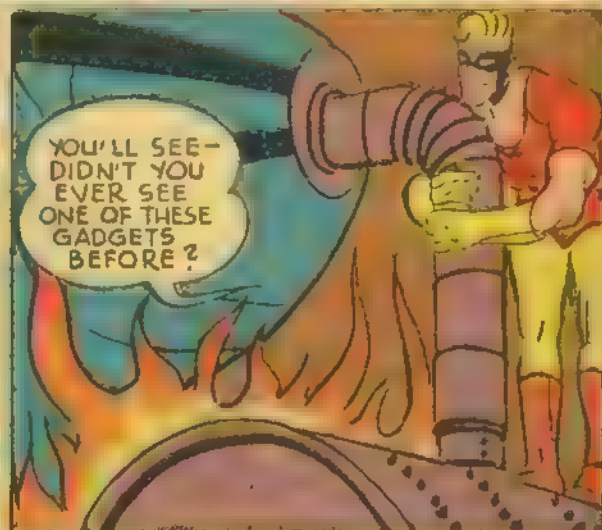
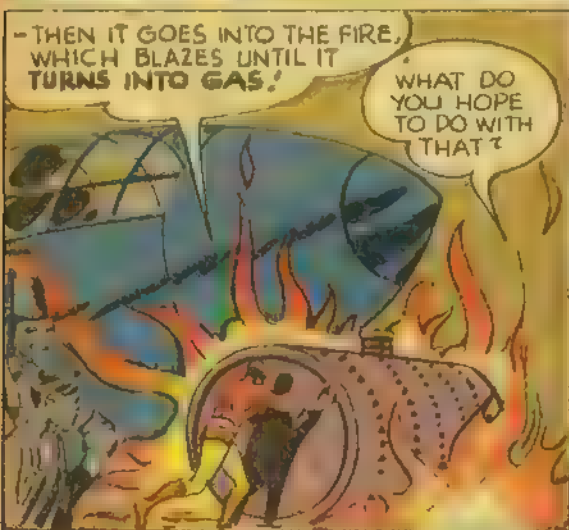
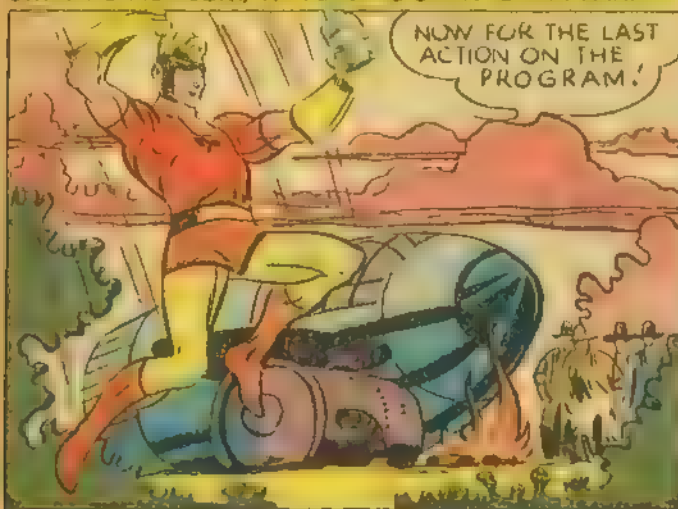


CAREFUL, JOHNNY—MERCURY'S TRICKY STUFF!

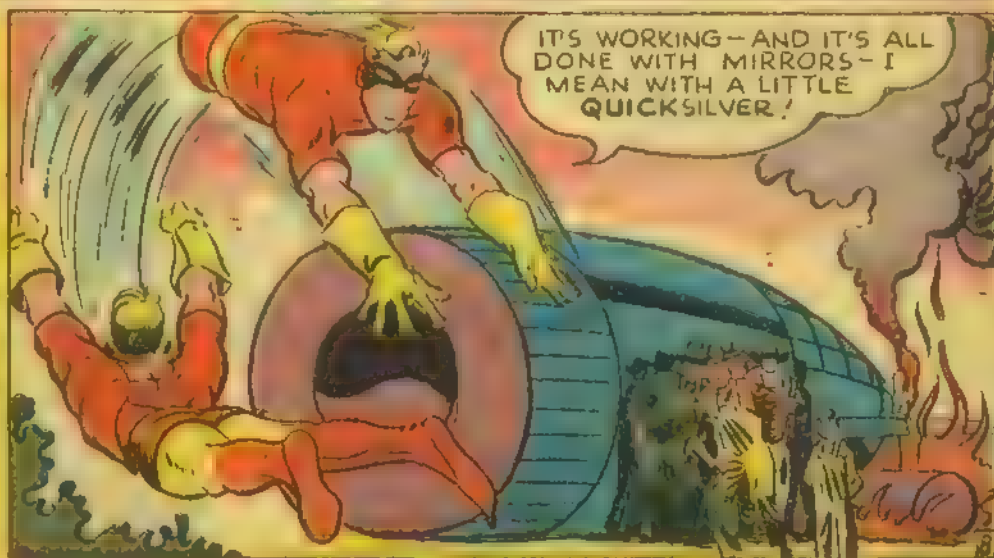
THANKS, I'LL BE CAREFUL— AND SOME PEOPLE WILL NEVER FORGET THIS FAVOR FROM YOU!



SWIFT AS MERCURY, HE FLASHES BACK TO THE FARM...



THE SCENE SET, JOHNNY WAITS UNTIL THE MERCURY GAS IS FEEDING INTO THE ROCKET— THEN HE WHIRLS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED AT THE OTHER SIDE, SETTING UP A VACUUM THAT SUCKS THE HEAVY GAS THROUGH THE FROZEN FOOD AT GREAT SPEED!



WHAT JOHNNY HAS MADE IS A MERCURY VACUUM-BLASTER—A CRUDE MODEL OF THE LATEST MACHINE THAT DEHYDRATES EVERYTHING FROM PENICILLIN TO EGGS. THE HEAVY GAS DRIVES THE ICE PARTICLES FROM FROZEN FOOD—LEAVING ONLY A POWDER CONTAINING THE ESSENTIAL NUTRITIVE ELEMENTS!

EVERYTHING DEHYDRATED—NO SPOILAGE PROBLEM, NO STORAGE PROBLEM! NOW IT CAN BE SHIPPED BY PLANE!

JOHNNY, I NEVER SAW THE LIKES OF IT! YOU'VE GIVEN US NEW COURAGE TO START OVER AND REBUILD HERE!



NEXT DAY, JOHNNY CHAMBERS AND TUBBY ARE ABOARD A TRANSPORT PLANE HEADED OVER THE OCEAN...

THIS IS GOING TO BE A PRIVILEGE, TUBBY—WATCHING ALL THIS STUFF ARRIVE—YOU'LL REALLY SEE SOMETHING!

YEAH, BUT I'M STARVING! LOOK AT ALL THIS FOOD AROUND—ALL I WAS ALLOWED TO TAKE WAS EIGHT POUNDS FOR MYSELF!



AND AT LITTLE RIDICE, ON THE DANUBE, AN OVERJOYED TOWN HAILS THE PLANE...

LOOK AT THEIR FACES—DID YOU EVER SEE GREATER HAPPINESS? THIS MEANS LIFE TO THEM!

YOU DON'T HAFTA TELL ME WHAT FOOD MEANS, JOHNNY!



BY THE NEXT DAY, SOME OF THE FOOD HAS BEEN PREPARED! THE LITTLE TOWN EATS...

LOOK AT THEM EAT—IT WOULD WARM ANYBODY'S HEART.

I'M SURE GLAD I BROUGHT ALONG A SANDWICH—SAY JOHNNY, LOOK AT THAT POOR KID OVER THERE!



IT MUST BE CARL'S LITTLE SISTER—WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY? NO FOOD?

WHAT A SHAME! SHE GOT LEFT OUT OF THE FIRST RATION.



THEN AND THERE, TUBBY WATTS MAKES THE GREATEST SACRIFICE OF HIS LIFE!

HERE, ILONA—

YOU'RE GIVING HER YOUR SANDWICH? TUBBY, YOU'RE A HERO!



The SECRET THAT SAVED The SANDLOT

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



GEE, MR. WISE, WE'VE GOTTA BEAT THE "CHAMPS" NEXT WEEK!



WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F"
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES

OUR BOYS ARE DOING PURTY WELL... TYING THE SCORE IN THE LAST INNING.



THE SANDLOT IS YOURS, BOYS... AS OFTEN AS YOU WANT TO USE IT.



YOU'LL BE A BETTER, FASTER PLAYER, TOO... IN ALL SPORTS--IF YOU WEAR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES.

**"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY**



HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY.

ALLEN MURRAY

"OUTSTANDING BOY"IN HIS CLASS AT SOUTH HIGH
SCHOOL, DENVER, COLORADO**ALLEN MURRAY**

just won a college scholarship—and no wonder! Top-notch athlete and student, he was picked as Outstanding Boy of his school. Enjoys fishing, hunting, camping—he loves to travel. "Al" is almost 6 foot tall. He says Thom McAn's famous Gro-Chart (described below) is a great idea, because it helps keep kids from stunting their foot growth!

HE'S AN
EXPERT SKIER**"AL" CHOOSES**

THIS RUGGED "HE-MAN"
STYLE WITH HEAVY
FLEXIBLE RUBBER SOLE
(BOYS' STYLE X-33;
MEN'S STYLE #d11)

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SHOE



HE LIKES BOTH PHYSICAL
EDUCATION AND MEDICINE.
MAY COMBINE BOTH FOR A
CAREER



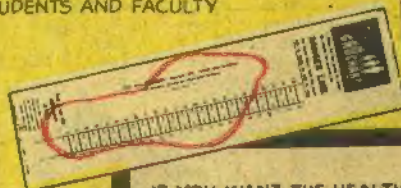
CHOSEN AS OUTSTANDING
BOY OF SCHOOL BY BOTH
STUDENTS AND FACULTY



LOVES MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.
HIS AMBITION: TO CLIMB
EVERY PEAK IN COL-
ORADO OVER 14,000
FT. HIGH!



PLAYS A
HOT
TROMBONE



IF YOU WANT THE HEALTHY FEET OF A "CHAMP,"
DON'T LET OUTGROWN SHOES DAMAGE YOUR
FEET BEFORE YOU EVEN KNOW IT! DEPEND
ON THOM McAN'S WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC
GRO-CHART FOR PROTECTION. IT'S YOUR
INSURANCE AGAINST STUNTING YOUR FOOT
GROWTH. GET YOUR FREE GRO-CHART
TODAY AT THE NEAREST THOM
McAN SHOE STORE

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES

Thom McAn

Win This Bicycle!

Note these SAFE-T Features of the MONARK Super Deluxe Bicycle

• Airplane Type Headlight Gleaming chrome finish—red and green SAFE-T lenses—"road focus" light beam—built-in switch

• Airline Style Drive Assembly Exclusive extra long streamlined style—snap and splatter proof design

• Auto Type Rear Reflector Extra large—SAFE-T tested

Also: Built-in auto type tank horn, double spring front fork—SAFE-T tread balloon tires—chrome rims and spokes

Insured for one year against fire and theft.

\$57.50 RETAIL PRICE

**ATTENTION!
BOYS and GIRLS**

The dealer that serves SAFE-T Cones and Cups serves you America's Finest Ice Cream Treat. Patronize him for all your needs... go there first when shopping for dad or mom.

Look for the name **SAFE-T** on every cone and cup you buy!

This is the box and sanitary dispenser from which cones are served in the store.



Win a 1948 Monark SUPER DE LUXE BICYCLE

500 TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Come on, Boys & Girls, Enter Now!

TO WIN A BIKE, TELL US—

WHY I LIKE ICE CREAM IN SAFE-T CONES & CUPS

1. Contest open to all except employees and families of employees both of the SAFE-T Cone Co. and its advertising agency. Contestant can send in as many entries as he wishes. Additional contest entry blanks can be obtained from SAFE-T Cone dealers.
2. Finish "Why I Like Ice Cream in SAFE-T Cones and Cups," in 15 words or less and mail entry to the SAFE-T Cone Co., P. O. Box 7105, Chicago, Ill.
3. 500 Monark Super Deluxe Bicycles will be given to 500 contest entries who in the decision of the judges give the best reasons.
4. Entries will be judged for originality, advertising value and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
5. Entries, contents, and ideas therein, become the property of the SAFE-T Cone Company and may be used or not used as seen fit. No entries will be returned. No correspondence regarding entries will be engaged in.
6. Contest will close at midnight, June 30th, 1948. Winners will be notified by mail before July 31st, 1948.

TIPS ON HOW TO WIN!

Ice Cream in SAFE-T Cones is a delicious combination of cake and ice cream. SAFE-T Cones are made with a secret Honey-Cake recipe that has plenty of sugar, milk and honey to make them extra good, and are pressure baked to a delicious golden brown goodness. SAFE-T Cones' exclusive design makes them SAFE—that is why they're called SAFE-T Cones. Ice cream is a delicious, nourishing, dairy food that contains many vital vitamins and minerals. There is no better combination for enjoyment than ice cream in SAFE-T Cones—refreshing, tasty and healthful.

★ CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SEND TO: SAFE-T CONE CO., P.O. BOX 7105, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I want to win one of the Monark Super De Luxe Bicycles.

I like Ice Cream in Safe-T Cones and Cups because:

(Finish in 15 words or less)

PARENTS ARE PERMITTED TO HELP YOU WRITE YOUR CONTEST ENTRY AND HELP YOU WIN A PRIZE.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY AND STATE _____

SCHOOL _____ AGE _____

I BUY MY SAFE-T CONES AND CUPS AT _____ STORE _____

ADDRESS _____ HE SERVES _____ (brand of ice cream)

SAFE-T CONE CO., CHICAGO 16, ILL.